THE
HISTORY
OF
ALICIA MONTAGUE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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HISTORY

OF

ALICIA MONTAGUE.

By the AUTHOR of

CLARINDA CATHCART.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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OF

ALICIA MONTAGUE.

Miſs MONTAGUE *to the Honourable Miſs* ENCROM.

(In continuation.)

I NO ſooner got home than I fell into a fainting fit. When I recovered, I found myſelf in bed, Mrs. *Conyers* and Mrs. *Jackſon* ſitting by me. They were quite impatient to know what had happened to me.

They ſuppoſed I had got a fright; but the account I was able to give them that night was very indiſtinct. Next morning I was able to give them all the adventures of the day, concealing only the names of Sir *Harry* and lady *Pembroke*. To heighten my diſtreſs, on looking into my parcel, I had loſt nothing leſs than lace to the value of thirty pounds. Mrs. *Jackſon* declared "ſhe "could not put up with the loſs; "and that I muſt apply to my rela- "tions to make up the ſum." Mrs. *Conyers* propoſed getting a warrant to ſearch the houſe of miſs *Web*; but to this I would not conſent. My watch and ear-rings I had no uſe for. I only propoſed keeping them till neceſſity obliged me to do other- wiſe. I therefore thought the pre- ſent caſe obliged me to diſpoſe of them. Acquainting Mrs. *Conyers* with my

my intention, ſhe got them ſold for me, at about half their value; and I was enabled to ſatisfy Mrs. *Jackſon*, and had a few guineas over. You may eaſily imagine, my dear *Caroline*, I had met with enough in one day, to make me reſolve againſt trying my fortune any more by traffic. By the deſcription I gave of the man, who wanted to introduce me to his wife, it appears, that he is no other than an infamous creature, employed by men of fortune to trepan innocent girls. Good God! what will the wickedneſs of this world come to! Don't you think it is ſurpriſing, that ſuch a wretch is not taken notice of by the public; but it ſeems, he is too well ſupported, to have any fears of that kind.

But how can I expreſs the uneaſineſs and concern I am under for lady *Pembroke!* O, *Caroline!* do

not you think, if her ladyſhip was informed, as ſhe certainly was, of Sir *Harry*'s having a miſtreſs, her going to her houſe was a bad ſcheme. Indeed, my dear, I tremble for the conſequence. But what in the world could make her puſh me from her with diſdain? One would think her reſentment at my leaving her could not be ſo great, as to appear at ſuch a time; but what could ſhe ſuppoſe brought me to the houſe of miſs *Web?* My being in ſuch company was certainly the reaſon of her treating me ſo harſhly. I wiſh I had ſtayed and ſeen the concluſion of a ſcene ſo extraordinary. I regret my having promoted that marriage: yet who, my dear *Caroline*, could have foreſeen the conſequences? Such a man as Sir *Harry*, I do not imagine, could be conſtant to any woman alive. But why need I re-

flect

flect on myſelf, ſince what I did was according to the beſt of my judgment? Alas! *Caroline*, the ways of Providence are dark and intricate: we are puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with error.

I do not ſuppoſe I heard the one half of miſs *Web*'s hiſtory. By the account ſhe gives of herſelf, there was little good to be expected from a young creature ſo wild and forward. At the ſame time her being ſo was no excuſe for the behaviour of her relations, who muſt have been ignorant of her bad inclinations, at the time they uſed her ſo oddly. And ſuppoſing they had not, they ought to have taken the greater care to have prevented her from following her own inclination, which has brought her to ruin. But how muſt it have pained one of the leaſt ſenſibility to have been uſed as ſhe

was? Sure, *Caroline*, it is quite inconſiſtent with true greatneſs to behave ſo to inferiors, eſpecially to thoſe who were once on an equal footing with themſelves: yet God knows, had I never felt the frowns of fortune, had my cup always overflowed, whether I might have ſeen the bad conſequence of it in ſo ſtrong a light as I do now.

But do not you think, *Caroline*, that providence ſeemed to puniſh lady *Filmore* for her behaviour to her niece, by throwing her in the way of her ſon? I don't doubt but there are many inſtances, of the ſame kind, of mothers unintentionally providing miſtreſſes for their ſons, and wives the ſame for their huſbands. Were there no ſuperior being to look down with pleaſure on thoſe who ſtretch out their hands to raiſe the humble and protect the weak,

worldly prudence, one would imagine, might be ſufficient to make thoſe of our ſex in high life encourage induſtry in young girls, who are low in fortune, not only by giving them employment, but by treating them with affability and kindneſs. Were this the caſe, I am perſuaded there would not be one in ten of thoſe, that now are led aſtray by deſigning men, that would fall into ruin. Trade and commerce might flouriſh in our hands; and a woman in buſineſs, who behaves well, would be as uſeful a member of ſociety, and meet with as much reſpect as a man of buſineſs, who, if he has got a good education, is thought moſt juſtly a companion for a gentleman.

But, in place of this, the young and ſprightly girl, who thinks there can be no happineſs without par-

taking of the innocent amuſements of life, is all at once told by her over prudent relations, that, having no fortune, ſhe muſt work continually; that ſhe muſt not dreſs, nor be ſeen at a place of public entertainment. The poor girl liſtens with an aching heart; and not only ſo, but from two or three weeks experience finds, that ſhe is entirely neglected by thoſe who before looked on her as their equal. Is it any wonder, when this is the caſe, that ſo many fall a prey to thoſe who lie in wait to ſeduce unprotected innocence? What reaſon, my dear *Caroline*, have I to be thankful, that my good mother early inſtilled into my mind a love of virtue, without preſcribing any rigid rules, and, by giving me a notion of the world, taught me to be careful to avoid its ſnares. I am apt to believe, there

are many more fall by mere ſimplicity, and falſe arguments, than by a love of vice. Virtue needs only to be fairly repreſented to attract our love: vice, on the contrary, if properly painted, muſt ſtrike the ſenſible mind with abhorrence; in our ſex, eſpecially, who,

If once from virtue's path we ſtray,
If ſtrongly charm'd, we quit the thorny way;
In vain with tears the loſs we may deplore,
In vain look back to what we were before:
We ſet like ſtars that fall to riſe no more.

What a long letter, my dear *Caroline*, is this! My ſpirits have ebbed and flowed ſeveral times ſince I began. My ſtrange adventures on *Tueſday* have greatly affected me, but I hope I ſhall ſoon recover my uſual ſerenity. Mrs. *Conyers* ſays ſhe will endeavour to get me into a good family, to work at my needle. At my firſt coming here ſhe did not pro-

poſe it, as ſhe then did not know me, ſo as to give credit to all I ſaid. But that, now being convinced, ſhe ſays, of my inclination to do well, and not wondering at my averſion to go about, ſhe hopes ſoon to get me agreeably fixed. I beg, my dear, you will enquire about Sir *Harry* and lady *Pembroke*. You will eaſily imagine my uneaſineſs about them. You may depend on hearing from me again ſoon. Your letters always affording me comfort, you may believe I will not, by my ſilence, forfeit the enjoyment of ſo great a happineſs. My beſt wiſhes ſhall ever attend my deareſt *Caroline*,

A. MONTAGUE.

When miſs *Montague* wrote the above letter, her ſituation was much worſe than ſhe deſcribes it. Her health,

health, from the time ſhe came to Mrs. *Conyers*'s, had been daily declining, though ſhe was not ſenſible of it herſelf. But the ſevere ſhock ſhe had received from the tumult, her ſpirits had been put into on the day of her adventures, had made ſo great an alteration upon her, that ſhe began to dread her not being able to ſtruggle with her difficulties. She only mentions to miſs *Encrom*, her having one fainting fit; but, alas! they continued to be very frequent; and when ſhe came out of them, ſhe felt herſelf ſo weak, and her ſpirits ſo exhauſted, that ſhe concluded ſhe was dying. But this, as ſhe knew it would make her friend unhappy, ſhe concealed.

Mrs. *Conyers*, who has already appeared to be a very good kind of a woman, gave her as much of her company as ſhe poſſibly could, with-

out neglecting her own buſineſs. She encouraged her by promiſing, that, as ſoon as ſhe was perfectly recovered, ſhe would endeavour to find a place for her, where ſhe would not be obliged to work continually, and again hazard the loſs of health, which few people know rightly how to value till once they loſe it.

" I am very ſenſible," ſaid *Alicia*, to Mrs. *Conyers*, (as the good woman ſat by her bed-ſide) " how kind " providence has been to me in hav- " ing brought me to your houſe. " Heaven, I hope, will recompenſe " you for your goodneſs to me in " my diſtreſs. But indeed, my dear " Mrs. *Conyers*, I do not think that I " ſhall live many months: however, " I thank God, I am quite reſigned " to my fate. I have not many " people, that will grieve for me. " I ſhall not even be a private loſs.

" On

" On the contrary, thoſe who love
" me, after ſhedding, perhaps, ſome
" tears of remembrance, will thank
" God that I am at reſt, and freed
" from worldly cares. What a
" poor inſignificant creature am I
" on the face of the earth, who, in
" the place of being of any uſe to
" my fellow-creatures, even when
" in health and tolerable ſpirits, am
" ſcarce able to procure myſelf the
" common neceſſaries of life. How
" can I, Mrs. *Conyers*, in ſuch a
" ſituation, have any wiſh to live!
" Yet if it pleaſe God I ſhould re-
" cover, I hope I ſhall be enabled to
" do my duty, without repining or
" diſcontent. But if, as I ſuppoſe,
" I ſhall quit this world ſoon, I
" hope I have yet as much money,
" and effects, if ſold, as will de-
" fray my expences, and lay me
" decently in the earth: and what

more

" more, Mrs. *Conyers*, need I wiſh " for?" " But," continued ſhe, " if " I ſhould linger longer than I ex- " pect, I am perſuaded, by ac- " quainting my relations of my ſi- " tuation, they will not allow you, " Mrs. *Conyers*, to be a loſer." " In- " deed, my dear miſs," returned the good woman, while tears filled her eyes, " I hope you have yet many " happy days to come. Comfort " yourſelf, and be not afraid of " want. While I have a penny, " you ſhall ſhare it; nor ſhall your " relations be ever troubled by me."

Miſs *Montague* was unable to expreſs her gratitude; but taking her hand, put it to her lips, and remained ſilent. Mrs. *Conyers* was ſo affected, that her tenderneſs and regard for her from that time daily increaſed. She ſent for her apothecary, who, had been attending miſs *Montague* from

from the firſt of her fainting fits, and deſired him to call a phyſician. Accordingly doctor *R*—— came, who ordered her repeated cordials, which had a ſurpriſing effect. In a few days, ſhe found herſelf greatly better; and in leſs than three weeks ſhe was ſo well, as to put Mrs. *Conyers* in remembrance of her promiſe of looking out for a place that would ſuit her, and in the mean time begged ſhe would procure her ſome work.

Mrs. *Jackſon*, who had paid *Alicia* ſeveral viſits during her illneſs, came one afternoon, with an intention to ſit and drink tea with her. Though miſs *Montague* was not very fond of her company, ſhe had too much ſweetneſs of temper and complaiſance, not to thank her for her company. While they ſat at tea, Mrs. *Jackſon* aſked *Alicia* if ſhe ever had

had her fortune read; to which ſhe anſwered with a ſmile, that "ſhe "remembered once, when ſhe was "a child, of giving a ſlice of bread "and butter to a woman that was "or pretended to be dumb, who "aſſured her by ſigns of being "married to a fine gentleman." "Theſe women," replied Mrs. *Jackſon*, "that go about the country, "know nothing of the matter. The "reading of cups requires a regu-"lar education, and a good deal "of ſtudy. For my own part," continued ſhe, "I almoſt deſpaired of "learning the art, I found it ſo dif-"ficult; but there is no diffi-"culty that may not be overcome "by perſeverance and application: "and I aſſure you, I have great "reaſon to be thankful I had pa-"tience to go through with it, as "it has been a conſiderable advan-

"tage

" tage to me in the way of my bu-
" ſineſs."

Miſs *Montague* could not help laughing at hearing her ſpeak with ſo ſerious an air ſo much nonſenſe. " Why," ſaid ſhe, " Mrs. *Jackſon*, I " thought you fortune-tellers had " always pretended to have the ſe-" cond-ſight, which is a ſuperna-" tural gift, not to be acquired by " ſtudy." " That, miſs *Montague*, " as I obſerved before, is only ſaid " by pretenders to the art, who " know nothing about it. But " tho' I ſeldom read a cup under " two guineas, the regard I have " for you makes me ſo curious to " know your fortune, that I will " read your's without any reward." " I am much obliged to you," returned *Alicia*; " but, if I had any " faith in your ſkill, I ſhould be " readier to give you two guineas

" to

" to let it alone. I ſhould not like, " Mrs. *Jackſon*, to anticipate either my " good or evil fortune. The good is " always the more enjoyed when it " comes unexpectedly, and the dread " of any thing bad, before it happens, is " often worſe than we find it in reality."

" I would not wiſh," ſaid Mrs. *Jackſon*, " that all my cuſtomers " were of your opinion: but," continued ſhe, " if you will not hear " your fortune, allow me to ſatisfy " my own curioſity." " Nay," ſaid miſs *Montague*, turning her cup round, " I have no more objection to your " exerciſing your invention than to " building caſtles in my own imagi- " nation, which I have often done " with pleaſure; and I promiſe you " I ſhall give you as much credit " as I uſed to give myſelf on theſe " occaſions." Mrs. *Jackſon* taking the cup, and looking very wiſe, ſaid,

" ſhe

" ſhe never ſaw a young creature,
" who had come through ſo many
" difficulties." " I wiſh," ſaid *Alicia*, " that were true; but I am
" afraid, there are thouſands in *London*, who have had more difficulties to ſtruggle with than I." " I
" ſee you are determined," ſaid Mrs. *Jackſon*, " not to believe any thing
" I ſay; but no matter: I am very well pleaſed to ſee ſo near a
" proſpect of happineſs. I am not
" afraid but you will ſoon have
" more faith, and reward widow
" *Jackſon* for her ſkill in cup-
" reading. I ſee here," ſaid ſhe,
" a very handſome young gentleman, who is much ſolicited by his
" friends to marry, but he cannot
" bear the thoughts of being ſhackled; and the love he has for you
" makes him reſolve, that no other
" woman ſhall ſhare his affection.

" I ſee

" I ſee him beſtowing on you all
" his fortune, and wiſhing he had
" ten times more for your ſake.
" What," ſaid *Alicia*, " I hope I
" am not to accept of his fortune
" and love, without overcoming his
" diſlike to be ſhackled, as you call
" it." " Why," ſaid ſhe, " I do
" ſee a ring in your cup. Pray,
" look; here it is: but you will
" obſerve it is at a great diſtance
" from the edge of the cup. But
" your living in ſplendour with
" this gentleman, is near at hand."
" Come, come," ſaid *Alicia*, " I have
" enough of your fortune-reading,
" Mrs. *Jackſon*. There is one part of
" the art, which you ſeem quite de-
" ficient in, which is, want of diſ-
" cernment, in what your cuſtomers
" would think good fortune. But,
" indeed, it amazes me, that a wo-
" man of your years and expe-
" rience

" rience ſhould talk ſo to any young
" perſon." " Don't be angry, miſs;
" I mean not to offend. I do not
" pretend to the ſecond-ſight; ſo do
" not know what will or what will
" not pleaſe you. All I ſhall ſay,
" miſs, is, I wiſh I were as young
" and handſome as you are: I ſhould
" not allow a fooliſh ſcruple about
" two or three words of a parſon to
" ſtand between me and happineſs."

" I am perſuaded," ſaid *Alicia*,
" that Mrs. *Conyers* does not know
" what ſort of a perſon ſhe has in-
" troduced to my acquaintance. One
" of the greateſt advantages of af-
" fluence is, the having it in our
" power to chuſe company to our
" taſte. In high life, if we meet
" with thoſe of our ſex who have
" bad hearts, we have at leaſt very
" little chance of meeting with any
" one, who will venture, as you do,

" to endeavour to taint the morals " of youth, by repreſenting happi- " neſs as attainable out of the paths " of virtue." " Pardon me, miſs " *Montague*," ſaid Mrs. *Jackſon*; " I only wanted to make trial of " your prudence and diſcretion. I " aſſure you, Mrs. *Conyers* knows " me to be quite a different perſon " from what I appear to you: but, " believe me, it was only an inno- " cent frolic. To convince you of " what I ſay, you will ſee I have " been buſy in procuring work for " you. There is a young nobleman, " a cuſtomer of mine, who is to call " here about this hour, to talk to you " about ſome ruffles he has to make. " He is a gentleman of great honour " and virtue, who likes to encourage " induſtry in youth of both ſexes."

" I deſire," ſaid *Alicia* angrily, " that none of your noblemen may

" come

" come here. You'll be ſo good,
" Mrs. *Jackſon* (mildly) to go and
" prevent his coming. If he has
" any ruffles to make, I'll be obliged
" to you to take his orders, and
" bring them." Mrs. *Jackſon* had not time to make a reply, when the ſervant came running up ſtairs, and opening the door, ſaid, there was a fine gentleman below enquiring for miſs *Montague*. " Go immediately, Mrs.
" *Jackſon*," ſaid *Alicia*, " and pre-
" vent his coming up." But Mrs. *Jackſon* being in no hurry, and making ſome words about going on ſuch an errand, lord *L*——, like a true man of quality, who condeſcends to viſit an inferior, not doubting of a favourable reception, waited not for the ceremony of an invitation. When *Alicia* heard him on the ſtaircaſe, ſhe felt a trembling at her heart, which ſhe could not account for.

The

The maid kept the door wide open out of reſpect to his appearance, and his lordſhip entered with a condeſcending bow. Struck at once with the ſight of *Alicia*, whoſe confuſion leſſened not the elegance of her appearance, which was the more remarkable as the viſit was unexpected, his lordſhip was awed in a moment into the moſt profound reſpect. Mrs. *Jackſon*, following the maid down ſtairs, ſaid to his lordſhip, as ſhe went out, that ſhe hoped he would excuſe her leaving him with the young lady. My lord, who had intirely forgot the pretence he was to make for his viſit, aſked pardon, and ſeemed very much embarraſſed. *Alicia*, ſome what recovered from her confuſion, deſired his lordſhip to ſit down; ſaid ſhe underſtood from Mrs. *Jackſon*, that he intended to employ her to make ſome ruffles for him;

him; but that ſhe was ſurpriſed at his taking the trouble to come himſelf. His lordſhip anſwered, he did not think it any; and that Mrs. *Jackſon* had been talking to him about ruffles.

"I am perſuaded, madam," ſaid he, "ſome very extraordinary mis-
"fortune has obliged you to em-
"ploy yourſelf conſtantly at your
"needle. I did not expect to find,
"madam, a lady of your appear-
"ance. Mrs. *Jackſon* indeed ſaid,
"you had met with ſome uncom-
"mon misfortunes. If, madam, I
"could be ſo happy as to have it in
"my power to be of any ſervice to
"you, I ſhould think this day one
"of the moſt fortunate of my life."
"I am obliged to you, Sir," ſaid *Alicia*, "but you have been miſ-
"informed. I have met with no
"extraordinary misfortune; nor had
"I ever any juſt reaſon to expect,

" that I ſhould be exempt from " working at my needle. I ſuppoſe, " Sir, you have brought the ruffles " with you." " No, madam, I " cannot ſay I have." " You'll be ſo " good then, Sir, as to ſend them " by Mrs. *Jackſon*, or your ſervant." " Won't you allow me, madam, " to have the happineſs of waiting " on you again?" " No Sir," replied *Alicia:* " you ſeem to be a per- " ſon of honour (while the tear " gliſtened in her eye) and I hope " will conſider the impropriety of " your coming on ſuch an errand." " I ſee plainly, madam," ſaid his lordſhip riſing, " my preſence gives " you pain. I admire your pru- " dence, and hope you will be ſo " good as to forgive me. But " give me leave, madam, before I " go, to adviſe you, as a friend, to " beware of Mrs. *Jackſon*; ſhe means

" you

" you no good; I ſhall ſend you " the ruffles by my ſervant. May " every good angel protect you, and " make you happy as you ſeem to " deſerve." So ſaying, he left *Alicia* with a much better opinion of her viſiter than ſhe had on his firſt coming in.

As ſoon as his lordſhip was gone, Mrs. *Conyers* came up ſtairs. She had been in the ſhop, when Mrs. *Jackſon* went out; ſo was in hopes miſs *Montague*'s viſiter was one of her relations, who had come to provide for her more ſuitably to her merit. When ſhe entered *Alicia*'s apartment, ſhe was ſurpriſed to find her in tears. " What is the matter, " my dear miſs *Montague*?" ſaid ſhe, " I am afraid you have got bad " news." " No," returned *Alicia*: " ſit down Mrs. *Conyers*. I ſhall " ſoon be better: my ſpirits are yet

" ſo weak, that the leaſt trifle affects " me." She then related all that had paſſed that afternoon.

Mrs. *Conyers*, with uplifted hands and eyes, ſaid, there was no truſting to appearances; that ſhe had known Mrs. *Jackſon* upward of twelve years; that ſhe was left a poor widow, as ſhe had herſelf been; that ſhe had always thought her very induſtrious, and of a puſhing diſpoſition; that, regardleſs of the affronts ſhe had met with from her relations, which were pretty numerous, ſhe had by her aſſiduity, and a reſolution to take nothing amiſs, at laſt got ſo much the way of them, that ſhe often made them buy from her, when they had no preſent uſe for what they bought. She ſaid, ſhe never heard of her pretending to read fortunes, and had always been of opinion, that ſhe bore patiently the little rubs

ſhe

ſhe met with, not from inſenſibility, but from having a great command of her temper, which ſhe had acquired from juſt notions of religion and virtue. She declared ſhe would never more have any thing to ſay to her, and bid *Alicia* be thankful ſhe had found out her character in time. She aſſured miſs *Montague*, ſhe would now ſet about finding a proper family for her to go to, tho' at the ſame time ſhe owned ſhe would part with her with very great regret.

After Mrs. *Conyers* took her leave for the evening, *Alicia* ſat down, and wrote to her friend, miſs *Encrom*, all that had paſſed ſince her laſt. She regrets her ſituation, more on account of want of proper company, than any thing elſe. She deſcribes lord *L*—— as a young nobleman, who could not fail of impreſſing one with a favourable opinion of him at

firſt ſight. His behaviour to her, ſhe ſaid, ſpoke him a man of honour; at the ſame time ſhe reflects much on the intention of his viſit, and regrets the liberty men in general take, in regard to their ſex. Lord *L*——, after he had left *Alicia*, could not get the thoughts of her out of his head: but to give my readers a more diſtinct view of the conſequence of this viſit, I ſhall preſent them with a letter, which his lordſhip wrote to his friend, lord *Granville*.

The Earl of L. *to the right honourable the Lord* Granville.

Dear *Granville*,

ACcording to my promiſe, I now ſit down to write to you, without waiting a return to my laſt, which I diſpatched in leſs than two hours after

after my arrival in *London*, and before I had ſeen any of my relations. If it come ſafe to your hand, which I am in ſome doubt about, you will ſee what an agreeable journey I had after parting with your lordſhip. I found all my relations in good health, and was received with ſuch expreſſions of joy by my ſiſters and their lords, by my uncles, aunts, and couſins, that I ſhould have been entirely void of ſenſibility, if my ſpirits had not been elevated, at ſeeing ſo many worthy ſouls happy around me. Lady *M.* has given me no leſs than three nephews in my abſence; lady *S.* a nephew and niece; ſweet little creatures all. I was perfectly delighted while I made them crow one by one in my arms. Had you ſeen how proud and how pleaſed the parents of the little brats were, you would have been half in love

with matrimony. For my own part, could I find a woman I could firſt eſteem, then love, I ſhould not care how ſoon I gave up my liberty. But the deuce is in me! I am always ſo unlucky as to fall in love with ſome pretty trifler or other, that my reaſon tells me I ſhould not love above one moon. However, thank the Lord! my heart is quite ſound at preſent. It is but a diſagreeable ſituation to have one's judgment at war with his paſſions.

But who do you think paid me a viſit the morning after my arrival? Who, but my worthy nurſe, old widow *Jackſon*, as much in favour with all my relations as ever. Honeſt ſouls! they have no hypocriſy themſelves, ſo ſuſpect it not in others. Were it true, that one ſucks in the diſpoſition of their nurſe with their milk, I ſhould have been by this

this time a moſt worthy member of ſociety. With opportunity and money enough to do miſchief, woe would have been to them that came nigh me. After half an hour's canting with my aunt, ſhe was brought to my chamber, when, Lord have mercy upon me! ſuch a tongue! ſhe ſpoke, laughed, and cried, all at once. O how her old heart rejoiced to ſee my lordſhip, her dear child, come home again! Such a ſweet pretty face, ſuch a proper gentleman, ſhe had not ſeen ſince I left *London*; and even then I was nothing like what I am now. After a prodigious deal to the ſame purpoſe, ſhe told me "ſhe had reſerv-
"ed the ſweeteſt, prettieſt creature
"for my lordſhip, that ever was ſeen;
"a gentlewoman, bred and born:
"ſhe ſhould not have thought of a
"vulgar creature for me: ſweet lit-

" tle ſoul! a perfect miracle of beau-
" ty and modeſty."

" Your lordſhip," ſaid ſhe, " will
" have no trouble with her rela-
" tions. She has no father nor mo-
" ther; and her uncles and aunts, &c.
" have left the poor little charmer
" to provide for herſelf by toiling
" at her needle. A cold garret and
" thin fare have almoſt brought the
" ſweet innocent to the gates of
" death. If your lordſhip had not
" come when you did, charity would
" have obliged me to have provided
" for her otherwiſe." " I thank you,
" I thank you," ſaid I, " goody; but
" I am turned quite a ſober fellow,
" and intend to look out for a
" wife." " No—o," drawled out the old hag; " your lordſhip is too
" young by a dozen of years. Your
" lordſhip will not find in your heart
" to marry, after ſeeing this angel

" of a girl. I ſhould not wiſh your " lordſhip to be drawn in to marry " her. No; God forbid! widow " *Jackſon* would not think the firſt " lady in the kingdom good enough " for your lordſhip to marry."

After giving her a lecture (which ſhe took all in jeſt) of the crime of ſeducing innocent girls, to get quit of her, I promiſed to call that evening on miſs *Montague*,—the name of the young lady,—under pretence ſhe deſired me to ſay, " of giving her " ſome ruffles to make." This was to be ſaid to the people of the houſe; for though they were mighty ſober people, I had ſome notion this ſweet little innocent would be ſome fair, who was paſſing herſelf for ſuch, in order to get into keeping. I believe I ſhould have forgot my appointment: but coming from the duke of *N*'s, *George*, who had got

a direction for miſs *Montague* from *Jackſon*, ſtopt at the grocer's where ſhe lodged. Having an idle hour or two on my hands, up I went, and was never ſo ſurpriſed in my life, to find a young lady, whoſe appearance, the moment I ſaw her, commanded my reſpect. The intention of my viſit made me quite aſhamed; and had ſhe not put me in remembrance of the ruffles *Jackſon* had mentioned, I don't know if I had found reſolution to ſpeak: as it was, it was only in broken ſentences. I know you will laugh heartily at my talking of a lady in a garret: but, faith, *Granville*, I am quite ſincere, when I declare, I never was ſo much awed in the preſence of the fineſt princeſs in *Italy*. I am no connoiſſeur in women's dreſs, but hers appeared to me perfectly elegant; and I could, like *Don Quixote*, have ſuppoſed her

a diſ-

a diſtreſſed princeſs, her apartment an enchanted caſtle or palace. But to be ſerious, there was ſomething ſo delicate in her air and manner, ſomething ſo amiably ſweet in her countenance, with a modeſt confuſion that appeared more graceful than it is poſſible for me to expreſs, that, as I ſaid before, I was quite at a loſs how to behave.

After being a little recovered from my ſurprize, and being led by her to mention the ruffles; "Certainly," I ſaid, "ſome extraordinary misfor-"tune had occaſioned a lady of her "appearance to be obliged to work "at her needle; and that if I could "be of any ſervice to her, I ſhould "think myſelf extremely happy. "Inſtead of giving me a detail of "her misfortunes, as one would "have imagined ſhe would have "done;" ſhe told me, "I was

"miſtaken

" miſtaken; that ſhe never had any " juſt reaſon to expect ſhe ſhould be " exempt from working for her live- " lihood;" thanked me; and again talked of the ruffles. Her endeavouring to hide her diſtreſs, and ſtriving, as it were, to be above being aſhamed of her circumſtances, gave me a higher idea of the dignity of her mind, than if ſhe had told me the moſt melancholy ſtory in the world. As I had not brought the ruffles, " I hoped," I ſaid, " ſhe " would allow me to wait on her " again." With a tear of ſenſibility, which ſhe could not conceal, ſhe ſeemed convinced of the affront I had intended. At the ſame time, ſhe had penetration enough to ſee I was not a deſpiſer of virtue, without which, I proteſt to you *Granville*, I begin to deſpiſe the ſex. " You look, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " to

" be

" be a perſon of honour; and I " hope will conſider the impropriety " of your coming on ſuch an er- " rand. You will be ſo good as to " ſend them by Mrs. *Jackſon*, or " your ſervant." I could urge her no further. My reaſon aſſented to what ſhe ſaid: ſo riſing, I told her, " I would ſend them," and deſired her to beware of Mrs. *Jackſon*, who intended her no good.

I could not help, after I left her, reflecting on the cruelty of thoſe, who are related to ſo fine a creature, who could leave her expoſed to the arts commonly practiſed upon the young and handſome, when not under the protection of the affluent. Suppoſing her to eſcape the ſnares laid to ruin her, what muſt ſhe endure, confined to ſolitude, or obliged to converſe with thoſe whoſe ideas and taſte are ſo different from hers?

Thoſe

Thoſe of our ſex, *Granville*, brought up to high life, can, if reduced, fall on a thouſand ſchemes to keep hope alive; we would have no difficulty, when we look around, in finding young fellows like ourſelves in the ſame ſituation, whoſe ſociety would enable us to bear our own diſappointments with patience: whereas, if a young creature of the other ſex is reduced, and deſerted by her natural friends; if ſhe has acquired by reading, or obſervation, any knowledge of the world, ſhe will be in continual dread of deſigns laid againſt her; ſo conſequently will chuſe to half ſtarve in ſolitude, rather than endanger herſelf by going into bad company.

From what that devil, *Jackſon*, told me of miſs *Montague*, confirmed by my own obſervation on ſeeing her, I was inclined to view her ſituation in this

this light; and I could not help wiſhing I knew of any method to relieve her. Thoughts of this kept me awake ſeveral hours after I went to bed; but I could think of no way, that would not hurt the delicacy of a mind I had conceived ſo high an opinion of. Suppoſe, thought I, by an unknown hand I ſhould ſend her money, from time to time, to ſupply her wants. This, perhaps, might add to her uneaſineſs, inſtead of removing it. In all probability, a ſupply of this kind would not procure her the countenance of her relations; for, were ſhe to acquaint them with it, 'tis a thouſand to one if they did not put an unfavourable conſtruction on her receiving ſuch a gift, and diſbelieve her being ignorant of the author: and, in that caſe, what would money awail to a girl ſo young, when debarred from the ſociety of ſuch

as.

as ſhe had been accuſtomed to converſe with? It would only, by keeping her from employing her mind on how ſhe may procure the neceſſaries of life, give her more time to think on her diſagreeable ſituation. With theſe thoughts I at laſt fell aſleep; and the viſions of the night, as is commonly the caſe, were what had engroſſed ſo much of my attention when awake.

In the morning I again felt my anxiety return, and at laſt thought of acquainting my favovrite aunt, whoſe ſympathizing heart I well knew. She ever lends a willing ear to a moving tale, and is always ready to ſtretch out her benevolent hand to virtue in diſtreſs; I was ſurpriſed I had not thought of this ſooner. Diſmiſſing therefore my morning levee as quick as poſſible, I drove to her houſe directly. I had the good fortune

tune to find her alone. I could not, without expoſing *Jackſon*, tell the ſtory agreeably to truth; but I reſolved to make up the loſs of my aunt's liberality to her: for, devil as ſhe is, I could not think of her being a loſer by me. As I have done to you, I related to my aunt every circumſtance of what had happened. What I told her of goody *Jackſon*, ſhe heard with amazement: for my viſit to miſs *Montague*, I received a lecture, which I was not aware of; and, contrary to my expectations, ſhe ſtarted many objections againſt the young lady; was afraid ſhe had ſome very great failing, that ſhe was reduced ſo low; aſcribed my compaſſion for her to her beauty, more than her merit, which laſt if ſhe did poſſeſs, it was impoſſible for me, by ſeeing her once, to know.

I began

I began to be very angry at my aunt, and ſwore, that the whole ſex was void of the leaſt generoſity or compaſſion for one another. I was about to take my leave; when, "ſtay, my lord," ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile; "I muſt not allow you to "go away with ſo bad an opinion "of my ſex: give me a direction "to miſs *Montague*; and I will call "of her to-morrow, and ſee what "can be done for her." Accordingly, ſhe is gone this morning. What will be the reſult of her viſit, you ſhall know in my next. Don't you think, *Granville*, I ſhall have ſome merit, in ſaving ſo fine a young creature from ruin? you'll perhaps ſuſpect me of love, tho' I've given you my word my heart is free. I again proteſt I have not the ſmalleſt ſymptom of the paſſion; my only wiſh concerning miſs *Montague* is,

is, to hear ſhe is in a comfortable ſituation.

You would ſee by the papers, that a change in the miniſtry is every day expected; you and I, *Granville*, muſt wait a good many years yet, before either of us can expect to be admitted into the cabinet council. Moſt of my time, ſince I came home, has been ſpent amongſt my relations, few of whom concern themſelves much about politics. Lady *Ann S*—, whom I dined with yeſterday at lord *M*—'s, enquired particularly for your lordſhip; as did the two miſs *Wins*. Miſs *Patty Win*, it is thought, will ſoon be counteſs of *B*—. So much for news. Preſent my beſt reſpects to all whom you know I left with regret. I need not draw out the liſt; neither is there occaſion for me to ſet the compliments of my worthy friends in array. Ac-

cept

cept them all in a heap, and believe me, dear *Granville*,

Moſt ſincerely yours,

L——.

Without making any remarks on the above letter, I ſhall now preſent my reader with one from *Alicia* to her friend, miſs *Encrom*.

Miſs MONTAGUE *to the Honourable Miſs* ENCROM.

My deareſt *Caroline*,

MY adventures begin to thicken, like the laſt act of a play, or the concluding chapter of a novel. The morning after I wrote you my laſt, our maid ſurpriſed me, by coming

ing up ſtairs in a hurry, and telling me, a fine lady in a chariot was enquiring for me. I was put all in a flutter. Lady *Pembroke* and miſs *Web* came both in my head; miſs *Web* I could not think of without terror. I had not time for much conſideration, when I heard Mrs. *Conyers* inſiſting with the lady to walk into the dining-room, and ſhe would deſire miſs *Montague* to come down ſtairs. "No, no," returned the lady, "I ſee you have a bill out to "let your lodgings. Our being "there may be inconvenient. I will "go up to miſs *Montague*'s own "apartment: I ſhall be with her ſome "little time." So ſaying ſhe came up ſtairs, and I immediately knew her to be the amiable Mrs. *Freeman*, whom I had reaſon to mention with ſo much reſpect in my laſt. "Your "ſervant, miſs *Montague*," ſaid ſhe; "I find

" I find I have not been wrong in " my conjectures, in ſuppoſing I had " once the pleaſure of ſeeing you " before." " You do me, madam," ſaid I, " a great deal of honour (ſetting a chair.) Drawing another near hear, " Come," ſaid ſhe, " and " ſit down by me, taking my hand. " I am afraid, miſs *Montague*, you will " think me very rude and inquiſitive. " I am going to aſk you a number " of queſtions; but as my intention " is, if poſſible, to ſerve you, I hope " you will excuſe me, and anſwer " them with freedom." " You may " depend on it, madam," ſaid I, " I will."

She then enquired particularly who were my parents; where I had got my education; and who were at preſent my neareſt relations: all which I anſwered with that eaſe and frankneſs, which her agreeable manner prompted

prompted me to do. I likewiſe told her every thing material that had happened to me ſince my mother's death, concealing only the cauſe of my leaving miſs *Oſmond*, which I told her ladyſhip was the occaſion of my relations having left me to myſelf; but, that whatever became of me, I never would tell the reaſon of my having left admiral *Oſmond*'s, as I could not do ſo, without endangering the happineſs of two perſons, whoſe welfare I wiſhed equal to my own. I then took out of my pocket-book the laſt letter I had received from lady *M'Kenzie*, with a copy of my anſwer; to which I told her I had never got any return.

" Well," (ſaid ſhe, after reading them) " I find your relations are " very much to blame; at the ſame " time, there is ſomething to be " ſaid in their behalf too. We

" old people, miſs *Montague*, think " our young relations ought to have " no ſecrets, but what we may be " truſted with. Then your aunts, " as you ſay they have never ſeen " you ſince you was a child, are " unacquainted with your merit, " which, I ſhall ſuppoſe, makes you " quite ſenſible, that this ſecret " ought not to be divulged. Your " relations have thought your youth, " and ſituation conſidered, it was " their duty to command, your's to " obey."

I was going to thank her for her favourable ſuppoſition, when ſhe interrupted me, by ſaying, " ſhe would " like to introduce me to my rela- " tions as a ſtranger; that ſhe had " ſome notion of going down to " *Scotland* next ſummer; and that " ſhe dared to ſay, ſhe would find " no difficulty in being introduced

" to

" to lady *M'Kenzie* or Mrs. *Grant.*
" And then ſuppoſe," continued ſhe,
" I take you with me, and make
" you paſs at firſt for my daughter."
" Your goodneſs, madam," ſaid I,
" makes me at a loſs what to ſay;
" but were I to go to Sir *Oliver*
" *M'Kenzie*'s, my couſin would know
" me directly, as he paſſed ſeve-
" ral weeks at —— only a few
" months before my mother's death."
" Well," ſaid ſhe, " I muſt think
" of ſome other method to bring
" you into favour with your friends.
" In the mean time, I hope you will
" have no objection againſt living
" with me. My nephew lord *L.*
" has acquainted me with the baſe-
" neſs of widow *Jackſon*, which ſur-
" priſes me not a little. She was
" looked on as a perfect ſaint in
" our family. You muſt not, miſs
" *Montague*, any longer be in hazard

" of bad people laying wicked de-
" ſigns againſt you."

" O, madam," ſaid I, throwing myſelf at her feet, while tears of joy filled my eyes, " your goodneſs quite " overcomes me. Accept, accept " the thanks of my ever grateful " heart." Wiping my eyes with " her handkerchief, " No more, no more," ſaid ſhe, " riſe, child," while ſhe was herſelf affected; " compoſe yourſelf, my dear, I will " leave you to ſettle all your little " matters, and acquaint Mrs. *Con-* " *yers*; and I will call on you again " in the evening." I was almoſt unable to ſpeak. " Mrs. *Conyers*," ſaid I, " is a good woman, and will " rejoice at my good fortune." " Since Mrs. *Conyers* is a perſon you " eſteem, miſs *Montague*," ſaid ſhe, " I will have the pleaſure of con-
" verſing with her myſelf, when I

" go

" go down." So riſing, ſhe charged me not to move one ſtep, wiſhed me a good morning, and left me quite charmed with her behaviour, and delighted at this happy turn of fortune. O! *Caroline*, what reaſon have I to be thankful to that Being, who has graciouſly protected me when ſurrounded by unforeſeen dangers! O! that I may never dare preſumptuouſly to doubt of his goodneſs and mercy!

As ſoon as Mrs. *Freeman* went to her chariot, Mrs. *Conyers* haſtened up ſtairs. As ſhe entered my apartment, I ran and received the good woman in my arms. Her eyes ſhewed me how much ſhe was affected. After giving way for a few minutes to this agreeable emotion, we both ſat down, when ſhe confirmed the good opinion I had of her, by her judicious remarks on the wonderful

turns of providence. After converſing about two hours with this worthy perſon, and endeavouring with her to eat ſomething, I ſet about making all things ready for my departure. My little furniture I inſiſted with Mrs. *Conyers* to accept; which ſhe would not, till I promiſed, if ever I had occaſion for it, or the value in money, I would apply to her, and receive it as my own. About ſeven o'clock, Mrs. *Freeman* returned. After laying out ſome money in the ſhop, ſhe deſired Mrs. *Conyers* (who was all in tears at my being to leave her) to come as often as ſhe found it convenient, and ſee her young friend, who, ſhe dared to ſay, would be always glad to ſee her. I was unable to ſpeak. Taking a ſilent farewell of Mrs. *Conyers*, I followed Mrs. *Freeman* to the chariot. And now, my dear *Caroline*, have I been

been in the houſe of this excellent lady theſe four days, and have reaſon to be more and more pleaſed with my ſituation. She behaves to me in every reſpect beyond what I could have hoped; for ſhe has made me practiſe over all the branches of education I was taught, and is pleaſed to compliment me very much on the improvement I have made. Lord *L*— has been here every day ſince I came. I believe I behaved very awkwardly, when he came firſt. Mrs. *Freeman* introduced his lordſhip to me, thanking him at the ſame time for giving her ſo agreeable a companion. His lordſhip, I doubt not, made a very polite return: but I heard it not ſo diſtinctly as to be able to repeat it.

Since I wrote the above, we have had another viſit from lord *L*— Good heavens! what a wicked creature has *Jackſon* been! what a mer-

cy, that I have eſcaped her ſnares! But God be thanked, I hope ſhe has ſeen her crimes in a juſt light, and will now repent. Lord *L*— told Mrs. *Freeman* and me, that he had ſent for her, and had propoſed ſettling ſo much a year on her during life, if ſhe would go into the country, live ſoberly, and make atonement for the ſins of her paſt life. His lordſhip did not ſay what he was to give her: but the unhappy creature, I ſuppoſe, had been ſo ſtruck with his goodneſs, that ſhe threw herſelf on her knees before him, and confeſſed ſhe had been guilty of ſuch crimes as his lordſhip forbore to mention. He only ſaid, ſhe had confeſſed her taking advantage of my illneſs, and had taken from me two pieces of her own lace, which you know, my dear *Caroline*, I wrote you, I had ſold my watch and

ſeveral

ſeveral other things to be able to pay for. Her principal reaſon for doing ſo, was to diſtreſs me, and bring me the eaſier to comply with her baſe views.

She told my lord, ſhe had my watch and other things in her poſſeſſion; for that Mrs. *Conyers*, who had believed her to be an honeſt woman, had given them to her to diſpoſe of. She told him, that the inſults ſhe had met with from her own ſex, after Mr. *Jackſon*'s death, on account of her poverty, had firſt induced her to abandon the paths of virtue. Afraid of being reduced to perfect want, ſhe had ſtooped to cringe and flatter thoſe above her. This, ſhe found, had ſome effect; and having once got over the ſcruple of ſwerving from the truth, every other vice had followed of courſe. The poor creature cried ſo, and all

at once ſeemed ſo afraid of the puniſhment ſhe ſhould meet with in another world, that his lordſhip ſaid all he could to comfort her. I ſincerely pity her. What muſt ſhe ſuffer from the recollection of her paſt crimes!

Would you not imagine, that a perſon, who had the ſmalleſt belief of a Supreme Being, and of the rewards and puniſhments of another world, would look on poverty and every other evil in this ſhort and tranſitory life, as nothing in compariſon of forfeiting their hopes of happineſs in a future ſtate? But then how often do we ſee thoſe, whoſe ſuperior talents have rendered them conſpicuous, and whoſe example, no doubt, muſt influence their inferiors, ſhew, by their giving way to their paſſions, drawing aſide the innocent, and rewarding ſuch as Mrs. *Jackſon*, that they

they have neither hope nor fear of another world! What, my dear *Caroline*, muſt theſe ſuperior agents of vice have to anſwer for! The confeſſion of Mrs. *Jackſon* brought me to tell Mrs. *Freeman* the hiſtory of miſs *Web*; as alſo the different adventures I had met with that day I had firſt the pleaſure of ſeeing my benefactreſs. She was highly entertained. My not telling the names of Sir *Harry* and lady *Pembroke* made her ſay, ſhe ſaw I was a fit perſon to be truſted with ſecrets; and that I had already given her two very ſtrong inſtances how much I might be depended on.

To-morrow lord and lady *M*—, lord and lady *S*—, and lord *L*——, are to ſpend the day here. The two ladies are ſiſters to lord *L*—, conſequently nieces to Mrs. *Freeman*. It ſeems they always ſpend one day in

the week with her. The late earl of *L*— and his counteſs died when their children were young; and, ever ſince, Mrs. *Freeman*, who was ſiſter to the counteſs, has been as a mother to them all. Mr. *Duncan Freeman* died in the prime of life, and left Mrs. *Freeman* a rich and handſome widow at the age of two and twenty. They had two children, who died in their infancy; Mrs. *Freeman*, in the two or three firſt years of her widowhood, was courted by ſeveral of the firſt noblemen in the country. But her reſolution of never entering into a ſecond marriage, and the prudence of her behaviour, ſo remarkable in a young lady of fortune, gained her the eſteem and reſpect of every one, who had the happineſs of knowing her.

Mrs. *Brunton*, her maid, who ſeems to be a ſenſible and agreeable woman,

about

about her miſtreſs's years, is ſo eloquent in her praiſe, that it delights me to hear her. She tells me the fortune left by the old earl was not very great; but that, the children being young at his death, it was now conſiderably increaſed; that Mrs. *Freeman* had given her two nieces, lady *Margaret*, and lady *Caroline*, a pretty addition to their fortune on their marriage; and that the young earl (who, ſhe is certain, is the beſt nobleman in *Britain*) her miſtreſs intends as her heir. They are all wiſhing his lordſhip to marry, and ſeveral ladies have been thought of for him by his ſiſters.

Wedneſday Evening.

All the company, which I wrote you yeſterday we expected to-day, have been here. I am quite charmed, my dear *Caroline*, with this family. The

The affection, which they have for one another, appears ſo natural and eaſy, that one muſt be convinced it is well founded, and not ſubject to change. I was introduced to them one by one; each of them beſtowing praiſes on me, which I wiſh I did but half deſerve: for, Oh, my *Caroline*, could you think it! indeed I am aſhamed to open my heart to my deareſt friend. From what I have wrote, you muſt conclude, that I am happy; but indeed, indeed, I am far from it. Can you think, my dear *Caroline*, your *Alicia* capable of ſo mean a paſſion as envy? Can the happineſs of theſe amiable ſiſters give me pleaſure, and at the ſame time rob me of peace? How inconſiſtent! and yet what can be the matter with me? Is envy a root in my breaſt, which is newly ſprung up? If it is, Oh *Caroline*, teach me how

how I ſhall pluck it up, and throw from me ſo deteſted a ſin.

Altho', as I have already told you, every one behaved to me with the greateſt kindneſs and reſpect, yet I found my ſpirits ſo low I thought every moment I ſhould have cried. Lord *L*— obſerved me while lady *M*— was playing on the harpſichord, and coming up to me, as I ſtood at the window with lady *S*—, aſked if I was not ſick? "I believe," ſaid I, "my lord, I am not far from "being ſo, and had beſt retire." Lady *S*— took my hand, and led me to my own apartment. Mrs. *Freeman* and lady *M*— followed. They gave me ſome lavender, and cauſed me to lie down. I was quite aſhamed of the trouble they took, begg'd they would leave me, and I would endeavour to ſleep. Mrs.

Freeman

Freeman accordingly drew the curtains, and left me to myſelf.

They were no ſooner gone, than I burſt into a flood of tears. Ah me! ſaid I to myſelf, what a poor inſignificant creature am I, in compariſon of theſe ladies, who have ſo many valuable and near relations, to love and admire them; while I am caſt out from all thoſe who ought to have a concern for me, and obliged to have recourſe to the compaſſion of ſtrangers, for an aſylum from the dangers which my youth and circumſtances expoſed me to. With what pity and tender concern do theſe ladies, and their amiable brother, look on me; while I, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, feel myſelf oppreſſed with their goodneſs, and am more uneaſy than I was before. What, my dear *Caroline*, can be the meaning of my mind's being

in

in this ſituation? Can it be envy or pride? perhaps both. Good heaven! teach me to practiſe what I know to be my duty, and enable me, in whatever ſtation I am, therewith to be content.

The lowneſs of my ſpirits lulled me into a ſlumber, and I awaked with a pleaſing kind of melancholy, which I cannot deſcribe. My heart, as it were, felt heavy at the thoughts of this buſtling world; many of its inhabitants, like me, finding themſelves unable to act up to the dictates of reaſon, and regretting the little proſpect they have of a few years proſperity; when all we have to do, is to act the part heaven has allotted us with diſcretion and humility, and to depend on a ſuperior Power, who will abundantly make up in his good time all our wants, and will bring us, thro' this world of error, to a place

place of reſt, where all miſtakes ſhall be rectified, our failings graciouſly forgiven, and every one, who has not offended paſt forgiveneſs, ſhall be as father, mother, brothers, and ſiſters, to one another.

Enjoying this thought, I left my chamber, and went to the dining-room, and was received as one would wiſh to be by thoſe they love. The evening was ſpent in agreeable converſation. Lady *M*— and lady *S*— inſiſted with Mrs. *Freeman*, that ſhe ſhould not keep me all to herſelf. The only way, they ſaid, to make my relations aſhamed of themſelves was, for me to go into company, and ſhew them, that my own merit had procured me friends, who would not, on eaſy conditions, part with me. As Mrs. *Freeman* goes not to many places of public entertainment, they would beg to have the pleaſure of

my

my company to go with them. I ſaid I hoped their ladyſhips would excuſe me from entering into public life; that my temper now led me to wiſh for retirement. I ſaid this, it ſeems, with a ſigh, which convinced lady *M*— that what I ſaid was the effect of the vapours. Lord *L*— ſaid not a word. I thought, by his ſilence, he diſapproved of his ſiſters propoſal. I cannot think, my dear *Caroline*, that his lordſhip, who muſt have the meanneſs of my circircumſtances continually in view, can think me a proper companion for his ſiſters. Mrs. *Freeman* ſaid, ſhe hoped miſs *Montague* would be quite free and eaſy, and do, in every reſpect, what was moſt agreeable to herſelf.

To-morrow I am to go out an airing with her. God grant, that I may find ſpirits to ſhew my gratitude,

titude, by appearing, what I ought to be, chearful and happy. It is now near two in the morning; ſo I will conclude, my dear *Caroline*, with begging you will favour me with a letter, if poſſible, by the return of the poſt. I ſhall be in pain till I hear, that you do not altogether deſpiſe me. May God bleſs you, my dear friend, and make you happy as I wiſh: ſo prays your ever affectionate,

A. MONTAGUE.

As miſs *Encrom*'s return to the above letter is no way material to the carrying on of the hiſtory, I ſhall omit it, as I have done many others, and preſent my reader with miſs *Montague*'s next letter to that young lady, in return to hers.

Miſs

Miſs MONTAGUE *to the Honourable Miſs* ENCROM.

I Thank you, my deareſt *Caroline*, for being ſo punctual in obliging me by your return to my laſt. You rally me ſo pleaſantly on my ſituation, that I can eaſily ſee you mean no more, than to give way to the livelineſs of your pen, with the good-natured intention of raiſing my drooping ſpirits. But what, my dear, will you think and ſay, when your *Alicia* confeſſes, that what you alledge in jeſt, is in reality no more than the truth? Oh, *Caroline!* what will become of me! I muſt certainly, whatever be the conſequence, leave this houſe, and this too amiable family. Yet where can I go? and what muſt they think of me? Ah! *Caroline*, had you been in earneſt, would

would you have adviſed me to indulge a hope of being united to lord *L*— ? No, *Caroline*, far be ſuch a wiſh from my heart. Could I, do you think, wiſh to repay their generous goodneſs, by fruſtrating their laudable endeavours in getting lord *L*— married to a lady of rank and fortune? Could I ever look up with conſciouſneſs of doing what I ought, were I to encourage his addreſſes? I, who am a poor unhappy orphan, who have no relation to countenance me, and am a humble dependant on his aunt's bounty.

But what am I ſaying? Lord *L*— has not, and will not, I dare ſay, ever think of ſuch a thing. Yet my dear *Caroline*, he almoſt dwells here. Mrs. *Freeman* begins to take notice of it, and I imagine is uneaſy. Almoſt every day does his lordſhip

give

give me ſome new proof of the greatneſs of his mind and the goodneſs of his heart. I confeſs to you, my deareſt *Caroline*, I am ſenſible his perfections take up too much of my thoughts. My gratitude perhaps makes me view them as through a magnifying glaſs, and the lowneſs of my ſpirits may be the occaſion of my thoughts dwelling ſo much on one object.

Ah! my dear *Caroline*, what ſhall I do? Lord *L*—, I am now perſuaded, loves me. While I was writing to you, Mrs. *Freeman* ſent for me, and gave me a card ſhe had received from lord and lady *M*—, inviting her and me this evening to a card-aſſembly at their houſe. You may believe, I made no objections, when I ſaw her inclined that I ſhould go. After ſitting a little, I was going again to my pen, when I met lord

lord *L*— on the ſtair-caſe. I naturally ſtood ſtill, to receive and pay the compliments of the morning. After which, his lordſhip taking hold of my hand, "does miſs *Montague*," ſaid he, "intend to be long "in her chamber?" "I am go-"ing, my lord," returned I, "to "finiſh a letter I have but juſt be-"gun." With a look, *Caroline*, which expreſſed a thouſand times more than he ſaid, "If, madam," ſaid he, "you "knew what pain I feel in being "abſent from you one moment, "your generoſity would perhaps —Mrs. *Freeman* opening her door, his lordſhip quitted my hand, and I hurried up ſtairs, without looking about, that I might conceal my confuſion. I no ſooner had got into my chamber, and had bolted the door, than I gave way to a flood of tears. After ruminating on my ſi-

tuation for a conſiderable time, I compoſed myſelf as well as poſſible, and have wrote you thus far. Fly now, I certainly muſt. I cannot poſſibly truſt my own heart. Oh! where, my dear *Caroline*, ſhall I go? Mrs. *Conyers* is a good woman, yet perhaps may view my flight as the height of folly. I don't know what to think. My brain is confuſed. I cannot go this evening to lord *M*—'s.

Mrs. *Freeman* has been with me. Oh! *Caroline*, I cannot write, and yet I muſt. She came up ſtairs, and knocking, I flung my letter in a hurry into my drawer, as if afraid ſhe would aſk to ſee the contents. I then opened the door, my heart fluttering, and my ſpirits exhauſted, as if conſcious of a terrible crime. I endeavoured to conceal my emotion, and awkwardly aſked her ſome

queſtion, I don't know what, as ſhe entered the room. "Bleſs me!" ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, "what "is the matter? you have been cry- "ing. Sit down, my love," taking my hand, and leading me to a ſeat, "tell me what makes you uneaſy." "Oh! madam," ſaid I, "pardon "my weakneſs. Think me not un- "grateful, or inſenſible of your "goodneſs; but"—"But what? "my deareſt girl." "Indeed, in- "deed, madam, I cannot give you "a reaſon for my uneaſineſs. Oh! "madam, forgive me (throwing my- "ſelf at her feet) I cannot bear the "thoughts of giving you pain. I "ſee you are concerned for me. In- "deed, I am not well. The ſud- "den change of my ſituation—your "goodneſs, madam, has been too "much for me. I am vexed at my "weakneſs. I am unfit for ſo-

" ciety, and my only wiſh is to be
" forgot by thoſe I love, and to
" retire from the world, where I
" may endeavour to calm my mind,
" and prepare myſelf for another."
" You are wrong, my dear miſs
" *Montague*," ſaid ſhe, raiſing me.
" Sit down, and compoſe yourſelf.
" I am much miſtaken, if I cannot
" gueſs at what makes you ſo un-
" happy. I will tell you, my dear,
" freely," continued ſhe, " what I
" think, and, if am right, will give
" you my beſt advice, truſting to
" the good ſenſe, I think you miſ-
" treſs of, that you will be adviſed
" to what will be for your advan-
tage." " You may depend on it,"
ſaid I, " deareſt madam, I will."
She then, *Caroline*, told me plainly,
that " ſhe ſuſpected, that what lord
" *L*— had done for me, had made
" too deep an impreſſion on my

" heart." I was ſilent: for how could I contradict the painful truth? " I am afraid," continued ſhe, " my " lord is not leſs ſenſible of your " merit, and I confeſs, I think my- " ſelf much to blame in not fore- " ſeeing the conſequence of his be- " ing ſo much in your company. " Were the world in general, miſs " *Montague*, of my opinion, there " would be no occaſion to ſeparate " two perſons, who ſeem formed by " an uniformity of ſentiments to " make each other happy. But " ſuch is the force of cuſtom, that " an equality of birth and fortune " is thought more neceſſary than " the former; and I know perfectly, " ſhould his lordſhip follow his pre- " ſent inclination, moſt of his relati- " ons would be vexed and diſappoint- " ed, and you yourſelf, whoſe feel- " ings are ſo nice and delicate, would

" ill

" ill bear the ſlights you would
" meet with.

" I would therefore, my dear miſs
" *Montague*, adviſe you to go di-
" rectly to the country. There is
" an old lady, an aunt of mine,
" who lives in a retired manner,
" about fifty miles from *London*.
" I will write to her. I am cer-
" tain ſhe will make you welcome,
" on my account, to live ſome time
" at her houſe. If you conſent
" to this, and promiſe not to ac-
" quaint lord *L*—— where you are,
" you may depend always on my
" friendſhip. You ſhall want for
" nothing while you are there;
" and on your account, I ſhall
" not allow a ſlight occaſion to
" keep me from going to *Scotland*
" next ſummer, where I have little
" doubt, but I ſhall find an oppor-
" tunity of getting your friends re-

" conciled to you. But if I ſhould " not be ſucceſsful, I ſhall think " myſelf bound, miſs *Montague*, " never to ſee you reduced to the " dangerous and diſagreeable ſitua- " tion you ſo lately experienced. " On no account ſhall you live lon- " ger in the country, than while " lord *L*— remains ſingle, which " I have reaſon to think will not " be long, as all his friends are very " anxious to ſee him married. Ab- " ſence will ſoon wear out an im- " preſſion, which has not yet been " of long duration. What ſays my " dear girl to my propoſal?" " Oh, " madam," ſaid I, " ſend me where " and when you pleaſe. I'm in- " tirely at your diſpoſal: believe me, " lord *L*— ſhall never know from " me where I am."

She then aſked me ſeveral queſ- tions; particularly if lord *L*— had ever

ever given me any reaſon to think he loved me? I frankly told her what he had ſaid to me on the ſtair-caſe; but as I could not tell the manner in which he ſpoke it, it ſignified the leſs. She then endeavoured to perſuade me, that his lordſhip very probably of himſelf would have overcome a liking, which he knew would hurt his intereſt; that the men had a thouſand ways to get rid of an indiſcreet attachment, when they found it gathering ſtrength; but that our ſex ought to fly at the firſt appearance of danger. "For your own ſake therefore, "miſs *Montague*, it will be prudent "for you to go directly. I will "ſend an apology to lord and lady "*M*—, and let them know we can-"not wait on them this evening. I "will tell them you are indiſpoſed. "I ſhall order matters ſo, that a "chaiſe ſhall be ready for you early

" to-morrow morning a few miles
" from town; and to prevent your
" being traced, ſhould lord *L*— take
" it into his head to endeavour to find
" you out, I will myſelf go this after-
" noon, and get a young perſon of
" your own ſex to call of you in a
" hackney-coach by ſix in the morn-
" ing. I would adviſe you to go
" but a little way in one coach, and
" to walk a little betwixt your tak-
" ing each, for ſecurity. You ſee,
" miſs *Montague*, how much I de-
" pend on your diſcretion; the young
" woman ſhall go with you to ——,
" where your chaiſe will be ready,
" and a careful poſtillion, whom his
" maſter can truſt. I ſhall take care,
" that your cloaths ſhall be ſent pri-
" vately after you. I would not have
" you take them with you, as I
" think it would not be ſo con-
" venient."

" I ſhall

" I ſhall obey you, madam, ex-
" actly," ſaid I. " May lord *L*—
" be happy; and never, never, if
" I can help it, ſhall I ſee him
" more." Mrs. *Freeman* flung her arms about my neck, and wet my cheek with her tears. " God al-
" mighty bleſs you," ſaid ſhe, " my
" dear miſs *Montague*, and make
" you happy as you deſerve." It was agreed, that I ſhould write two or three lines, to be left for Mrs. *Freeman*, acquainting her, that I had a particular reaſon for leaving her family, without letting her know where I was going; as alſo to thank her, and the family in general, for the favour they had ſhewn me. This ſhe is to ſhew lord *L*—, that he may not ſuppoſe ſhe had any hand in my going.

O, *Caroline*, do you think there can be any excuſe for deceit? I am

afraid, gratitude to Mrs. *Freeman* has led me too far. My mind is ſtrangely puzzled. She is now gone to prepare every thing for my leaving *London*. Where is now that fund of contentment, which, my dear *Caroline* ſaid, lay continually in my own breaſt? Is it all deſtroyed, and am I to linger out a tedious life in darkneſs and gloom? Oh that I had been born with leſs ſenſibility! I might then have been eaſy, tho' not happy. Mrs. *Freeman* is a good woman. I think, to have acquitted my own heart of ingratitude to her, I could of myſelf have gone thro' this cruel ſeparation. But, methinks, her aſſiſting me in it, is ſome how inconſiſtent with the high idea I had conceived of her character. Why, *Caroline*, is ſhe, who has good ſenſe and good nature, a ſlave to a cuſtom ſhe condemns? If ſhe thinks we are formed,

formed, by an uniformity of ſentiment, to render one another happy, of what conſequence is the vexation of friends, in compariſon of what I feel? Muſt it not be leſs than nothing, and vanity? But whither does my repining temper lead me? Does not Mrs. *Freeman* ſay, it is more than probable, that lord *L*— would have reaſoned himſelf out of a liking, that would hurt his intereſt?

What tho' my imagination paints his lordſhip's virtues in what the world calls a romantic light? Is my ſickened fancy more to be truſted, than the judgment of the world, founded on experience of the heart of man? What am I, that I ſhould imagine providence will go out of its ordinary courſe, to beſtow favours on me? Ought I not therefore to approve of Mrs. *Freeman*'s aſſiſting me? But then, again, is ſhe not

rather too zealous in the cauſe? Why this extraordinary caution to prevent my being found out, ſhould his lordſhip deſpiſe the cenſure of the world? Ah! *Caroline*, does not this thought look as if I wanted to fly only that I might be purſued? The heart is deceitful: who can know it! But farewell. I muſt conclude, and prepare for my ſolitary journey. I will write, as ſoon as I am able, after I arrive at my new habitation, and let my dear *Caroline* know how to direct for her truly diſconſolate friend,

A. MONTAGUE.

It perhaps may be thought ſtrange, that Mrs. *Freeman* ſhould ſo readily concert a ſcheme, to ſend miſs *Montague* out of the way. But my reader muſt underſtand, that, before that lady came up ſtairs to *Alicia*'s apart-

apartment, ſhe had it all planned. On ſeeing lord *L*—, immediately after he parted with miſs *Montague* on the ſtair-caſe, his viſible emotion convinced her of what ſhe had been afraid of before; and ſhe could not help telling his lordſhip her thoughts. "You may eaſily believe, my lord," ſaid ſhe, "that I am very happy at "ſeeing you ſo frequently; but the "particular attention, with which you "regard miſs *Montague*, gives me the "greateſt uneaſineſs; not ſo much on "your account, as of that of the young "lady. I am perſuaded," continued "ſhe, you know your own intereſt "better than to think of marrying a "girl without fortune and friends. You "have generouſly freed miſs *Montague* "from the plots that were, and might "have been, laid againſt her by thoſe "who make wickedneſs a trade. But, "my lord, it is more than probable,

"that

" that by prudence and circumſpec-
" tion ſhe might, without your aſſiſt-
" ance, have eſcaped the danger:
" whereas, by your preſent behaviour,
" and by having firſt engaged her gra-
" titude, you will undoubtedly en-
" gage her affections; and conſe-
" quently render her unhappy, by put-
" ting it out of her power to beſtow
" them on one who otherways might
" make her happy for life."

Lord *L*—, whoſe love for *Alicia* was not ſo much founded on her outward charms, as on the beauties of her mind, which, no doubt, appeared not the leſs conſpicuous, for having an agreeable ſet of features and a delicate complexion, gave ſuch a return to his aunt's obſervation on his behaviour, as convinced her there was no time to be loſt in ſending her out of his way. His lordſhip's arguments in favour of

of *Alicia* were ſolid, and ſeemed the juſt reſult of deliberate conſideration. He expatiated on the happineſs he expected he ſhould find in a married ſtate, if bleſſed with a partner, whoſe natural good ſenſe led her to improve her mind in her early years. A ſtate of adverſity, he obſerved, was a ſtate of trial; and he had reaſon to think miſs *Montague* had ſtood the teſt. It was ever his opinion, that a good wife was the moſt valuable acquiſition a man could make; and that, without regard to either birth or fortune, he thought it his duty not to endeavour to check an inclination of which his reaſon more than approved: that if ever he had any children, the pleaſure he would feel in having given them a mother, whoſe example they would improve by, would be more exquiſite, than what he could poſſibly

bly enjoy by having it in his power to beſtow upon them the wealth of the *Indies*.

It may be eaſily ſuppoſed, Mrs. *Freeman* could not diſapprove altogether of what his lordſhip ſaid. At the ſame time, ſhe repreſented the poſſibility of his getting a lady of birth and fortune, that might poſſeſs all the qualifications of miſs *Montague*, in as eminent a degree; and failed not to uſe every modern argument that could be brought on the ſubject, to diſſuade him from his purpoſe. His lordſhip receiving a card, which required his immediate attendance on the duke of ——, put an end to the converſation, and left Mrs. *Freeman* at leiſure to think on what reflections ſhe would meet with, if ſhe did not put a ſtop to a courtſhip ſo unſuitable, and which, if it terminated in a marriage, would undoubtedly

undoubtedly appear as if encouraged by her.

She had obſerved in *Alicia*'s temper that kind of virtue, which led her to endeavour to conquer every inclination, of which ſhe diſapproved: at the ſame time ſhe was ſenſible, ſhe was quite free from thoſe romantic ideas, which the good fortune of one amongſt ten thouſand ſo often prompts the young and unexperienced to entertain: ſhe therefore had no apprehenſions of alarming *Alicia*, and doubted not but ſhe ſhould eaſily perſuade her to go to the country. My reader hath already ſeen, that Mrs. *Freeman* was not miſtaken, and that *Alicia*'s fears had half done the work.

Every thing being put in execution, as was concerted, miſs *Montague* was many miles on her journey, before lord *L*— knew of his misfortune.

misfortune. His lordſhip came to Mrs. *Freeman*'s that morning more early than ordinary, on account of *Alicia*'s indiſpoſition, which had been given as the reaſon of his aunt, and her not being at lord *M*'s the evening before. With tender anxiety he enquired at Mrs. *Freeman's* how miſs *Montague* did? But judge, gentle reader, what were his feelings, when his aunt informed him ſhe was gone and no one knew where. Grief and ſurprize deprived him for ſome time of ſpeech. On his reading her letter, which Mrs. *Freeman* put into his hand, he was half diſtracted, and ſwore that his aunt knew where ſhe was, and had taken advantage of her good nature, to make her write what ſhe pleaſed. He vowed that not all the relations he had on earth ſhould prevail on him to live in *England*, if he did not get back his

Alicia.

Alicia. He begged, prayed, and almoſt threatened, by turns: all to no purpoſe. Mrs. *Freeman*, expecting nothing leſs than to ſee him in this condition, forbore to reaſon with him, till ſhe ſhould find him more compoſed. So leaving his lordſhip in this diſtreſſed ſituation, I will now follow *Alicia* in her melancholy journey.

"Ah me!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, as ſhe drove along, while the chryſtal drop filled her eye, and her tender heart throbbed with pain, "where am I "going, and for what have I con-"ſented to conceal myſelf from "lord *L*——? Sure I might like *In-*"*diana*, have ſaid,

"As conſcious honour all his action ſteers,
"So conſcious innocence diſpels my fears.

"Why have I precipitately obeyed "Mrs. *Freeman*, and left his lord-"ſhip

" ſhip perhaps as unhappy as my-
" ſelf? Owe I more to her than to
" him, who ſo generouſly relieved
" me from danger? What has the
" aunt done for me, but through
" means of the nephew? What
" muſt his lordſhip think, when he
" reads my letter to Mrs. *Freeman?*
" Good heaven! how different does
" my conduct, in this reſpect, ap-
" pear to me now from what it did
" yeſterday? I have deceived my-
" ſelf with falſe notions of honour
" and gratitude, and have overcome
" that ruling principle within me,
" ſelf-preſervation: for, ſure, it is im-
" poſſible I can ſupport my diſtreſs.

" Is there no way left that I can
" undo what I have done? Suppoſe
" I write to Mrs. *Freeman*, and let
" her know my mind! Alas! what
" would be the conſequence! ſhe
" would look on me as a fond,

giddy

" giddy girl; and would fall on
" ſome other ſcheme to fruſtrate my
" hopes, and leave me, if poſſible,
" more unhappy than I am at pre-
" ſent. Suppoſe I could think of
" ſome means to acquaint his lord-
" ſhip where I am. No, that I will
" never attempt. Could I have a
" moment's peace, were I to break
" my promiſe to Mrs. *Freeman*, and
" be an artful, cunning creature,
" that could fawn, diſſemble, and
" appear to her to have ſelf-denial,
" gratitude, and diſcretion; then
" all at once forfeit her eſteem,
" and my own approbation? 'Tis
" true, I have already, in ſome
" meaſure, forfeited the latter; but
" then it was through a hurry of
" ſpirits and anxiety to do right,
" that I have erred; and ſince there
" can be no way to rectify the miſ-
" take, I muſt linger out a tedious

" life

" life in the ſolitary place to which
" I am going, and never again ex-
" pect in this world a moment's
" pleaſure."

Fatigued as ſhe was with the diſagreeable ſtranger, hope, that amiable ſeducer, took pity on her, and ordered deſpair to make an end of his viſit. The gloomy fiend obeyed, but went not far off; reſolving, if poſſible, not to quit his pretenſions to a place in a virtuous mind, where ſo ſeldom he is able to force his way. Her agreeable gueſt no ſooner entered, than he flattered her ſickened imagination, raiſed her expectations, and like heat to the poor ſhivering traveller, which revives his drooping ſpirits, made her with new reſolution purſue her journey.

" Am I not convinced," ſaid ſhe,
" that lord *L*— loves me? What
" tho' Mrs. *Freeman* ſuppoſes, that
" he

" he will ſoon reaſon himſelf out of
" a paſſion, ſo prejudicial to his in-
" tereſt; ſure it is not impoſſible
" but ſhe may be miſtaken; and that
" his lordſhip may look on pleaſ-
" ing himſelf in the choice of a part-
" ner, and being content with the
" fortune he has already in poſ-
" ſeſſion, to be more for his real
" intereſt, than humouring the pride
" of other people. If I can, in the
" ſmalleſt degree, judge of his af-
" fection by my own, my circum-
" ſtances and diſtreſs, ſo far from
" ſtrengthening the arguments of
" his friends, will make him reſolve
" to raiſe the woman he loves above
" their pity and contempt. My let-
" ter, which his aunt will ſhew him,
" muſt look myſterious; and ſure
" he will take ſome trouble to find
" out the myſtery. But, let me
" think again. Is it not poſſible,

" that

" that Mrs. *Freeman*, whom, till the
" zeal ſhe ſhewn in this affair, I
" thought generous and kind; is it
" not poſſible, I ſay, that ſhe has
" ſent me away, that ſhe might en-
" deavour to bring his lordſhip's
" nearer relations, ſeeing his diſtreſs,
" to wiſh for my alliance? Perhaps,
" ſhe thought it beſt not to inſpire
" me with hopes, leſt ſhe ſhould not
" ſucceed. But does not her ſend-
" ing me to her aunt's houſe, only
" a day's journey from *London*, look
" like this? Oh, let me indulge the
" thought! and never give way to
" deſpair."

Sorry am I, gentle reader, to paint my fair heroine as giving way to theſe ſeemingly romantic expectations. Mrs. *Freeman* thought her quite free from ſuch weakneſs. But indeed, I am afraid, every woman (far be it from me to take in the nobler ſex) more

or leſs build caſtles in the air. In ſhort, it is a kind of free maſonry amongſt us, which is of more conſequence than perhaps you imagine.

Alicia arrived at *S*— about nine o'clock at night. As it was quite dark, being the middle of winter, ſhe did not ſee the diſmal appearance of the outſide of her habitation. There was no road, avenue, nor court, to lead you to the entrance. The houſe ſtood in the midſt of a common, and nothing could be ſeen but a dreary waſte for ſeveral miles around. The poſt-boy knocking at the door, a female voice from one of the windows aſked, who was there? to which *Alicia* deſired the poſtillion to ſay it was a young perſon, who had brought a letter for Mrs. *Calcot* from her niece, Mrs. *Freeman*. After waiting ſo long that *Alicia* was deſpairing of getting admittance, the voice from

the window desired them to fasten a cord (which she would throw over) to the letter, and then she would pull it up; for that being afraid of rogues, she could not venture to open the door, without being fully convinced they had brought a letter from Mrs. *Freeman*. This was accordingly done, not without the post-boy swearing, that if he had intended to rob the house, he should not have used the ceremony of knocking at the door.

In a few minutes after this, *Alicia* got admittance. She was conducted to Mrs. *Calcot*'s bed-chamber, where the old lady was setting in her elbow chair, supported by pillows. She desired *Alicia* to come forward, and giving her hand, welcomed her to *S*—: she then, putting on her spectacles, eyed her most attentively, curious to see a beauty, who, Mrs. *Freeman* had in-

informed her in her letter, had overpowered the reaſon of lord *L*——. After ordering *Alicia* a cold ſupper, which ſhe was not very much diſpoſed to eat, Mrs. *Jenkins* was deſired to conduct her to another apartment, and aſſiſt her to undreſs and go to bed.

Mrs. *Calcot*, who had been very extravagant in her youth, was now become quite the reverſe, and was afraid almoſt to uſe the common neceſſaries of life. Mrs. *Freeman* had promiſed in her letter to remit her money for the expence ſhe ſhould be at in keeping *Alicia*; but as it was not yet come, Mrs. *Calcot* could not help being very peeviſh next morning, when *Alicia* came to breakfaſt. But a ſervant arriving in the afternoon with miſs *Montague*'s cloaths and a purſe of gold, the old lady's countenance began to brighten up;

and ſhe ordered a fire to be made in *Alicia*'s apartment, which ſhe had not done before.

Were I not afraid of drawing out this work to too great a length, I would here enlarge on the many particularities of this old lady's temper; but as that is the caſe, I ſhall paſs them over, and leave *Alicia*, in this diſmal habitation, alternately receiving the viſits of hope and deſpair; and look back in the hiſtory to ſome of our old acquaintance, which will be neceſſary before I bring it to a concluſion.

Miſs *Oſmond*, after being married to Sir *Harry Pembroke*, enjoyed a tolerable degree of tranquility for a few weeks, if one can be ſaid to enjoy tranquility amidſt the continual hurry of paying and receiving viſits. This in ſome meaſure being over, the ſeeds of jealouſy, which

which had not been ſown without cauſe, began again to ſpring up in her breaſt. The reſolution ſhe had taken of appearing chearful and content, ſhe found herſelf unable to put in practice; and as her ladyſhip's uneaſineſs increaſed, ſo did Sir *Harry*'s gaiety abroad, and indifference at home. He had kept miſs *Web* for ſeveral months, before he had ſeen miſs *Oſmond* or miſs *Montague*. While his love for *Alicia* was in its full ſtrength, his viſits to his miſtreſs were rather leſs frequent than before. But as he had no notion of marriage being any more than a tye to keep him from marrying another woman, while his wife lived; ſo did it never once enter his head to part with miſs *Web*, whoſe humour ſeldom failed to diſſipate any ſerious reflection, which ſometimes would intrude upon him. The fortune he had received with

miſs *Oſmond* enabled him to be more liberal in his preſents to his miſtreſs, as likewiſe more frequent and expenſive in his parties of pleaſure to entertain her.

Lady *Pembroke*, tho' ſhe could not conceal her chagrin, yet did not venture openly to upbraid him. Only when alone with Mrs. *Betty*, ſhe gave full vent to her grief, which the faithful maid could not find means to alleviate. A kind of gloom reigned thro' the whole family; and the good admiral, ſo far from being cheared with the company of his ſon-in-law, which he had ſo long wiſhed for, found his ſpirits quite ſunk, tho' he did not know why. A kind of forced chearfulneſs put on before him made him ſometimes ſuppoſe the defect was owing to a failing of nature, which, he might lay his account, would encreaſe with his years.

Diſ-

Diſorders in the mind, like thoſe of the body, if not removed in time, daily gather ſtrength, and often become incurable. When once the diſorder arrives at a certain height, the impatience of the unhappy ſufferers makes them graſp at every thing, however unfeaſible, which once enters their head, in order to make a trial of it, by way of a remedy: ſo it was with lady *Pembroke.* A ſudden thought made her reſolve at once to pay a viſit to miſs *Montague.*

"It is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, to *Betty*, "that *Alicia*, who was taught "from her infancy to have the "ſtricteſt regard for virtue, can be ſo "much abandoned, as not to have "ſome ſeeds of it remaining in her "breaſt. Who knows but my be-"haviour to her before ſhe went "away, joined to Sir *Harry*'s per-

" ſuaſions, prevailed on her in an
" unlucky hour; and that ſhe may
" now be labouring under remorſe,
" and know not how to extricate her-
" ſelf. Her writing to lady *M'Kenzie*,
" after ſhe left this houſe, looks as
" if ſhe had repented; and perhaps
" being entangled by the arts of
" Sir *Harry*, ſhe has not found reſo-
" lution to face her relations, after
" being conſcious of her guilt. But
" ſuppoſe, *Betty*, I ſhould go to her,
" and make her an offer of a hand-
" ſome yearly income, if ſhe will
" conſent to go out of this place.
" Don't you think there is a great
" probability, that I may prevail?
" Did I not think myſelf certain,
" that every time Sir *Harry* comes
" in, he has been with miſs *Mon-*
" *tague*, I think I could be chearful,
" and exert myſelf in gaining his
" affections. But oh, *Betty*, at pre-
ſent

" ſent I find it impoſſible. Good
" heaven direct me for the beſt!"

" Indeed, madam," returned Mrs. *Betty*, " there is a poſſibility that your " going to miſs *Montague* may an- " ſwer the end you wiſh for; but " I confeſs, I think there are " ten chances to one againſt it: if " ſhe, in place of feeling any re- " morſe, ſhould uſe your ladyſhip " ill, and inform Sir *Harry* of your " viſit, it might be of very bad con- " ſequence." " Ah! *Betty*, can I " be any worſe than I am? I can- " not live under this conſtraint. " Perhaps my good angel has put " this in my head, not only for my " preſervation, but to ſave *Alicia* from " deſtruction, and reclaim Sir *Harry* " from vice."

Mrs. *Betty* had ſeen too many ſymptoms of lady *Pembroke*'s ſick- ened imagination, not to know, that

if her reaſoning did not take immediate effect, it was needleſs to repeat it: ſhe therefore agreed with her ladyſhip, that ſince ſhe had, as it were, an inward call, it was certainly right to try the experiment. The next thing propoſed was, for Mrs. *Betty* to follow Sir *Harry*'s chair, and by that means find out where miſs *Montague* lived; and then as ſoon as they could be certain, that Sir *Harry* was not with his miſtreſs, lady *Pembroke* would ſet out on her deſperate expedition.

This plan was ſoon put in execution. The faithful *Betty* followed Sir *Harry* to the houſe of miſs *Web*, and ſaw him go in. She then, under pretence of having forgot the name of a young lady that lived thereabout, aſked of ſome perſons ſtanding by, if they could inform her to whom that houſe belonged? to

to which they laughing replied, to the gentleman whom ſhe might have ſeen go in, though he only went to it by way of a viſiter to his couſin, the fair miſs *Web*. Mrs. *Betty* wanted no more. She readily imagined, that miſs *Montague* had changed her name; ſo immediately went home with the account to her lady.

Full of the ſcheme in hand, lady *Pembroke* had not patience to wait, till chance ſhould give her an opportunity to put it in execution; but, as ſoon as Sir *Harry* came in, propoſed, that they ſhould next day make a viſit, which he had expreſſed himſelf inclined to make with her ladyſhip ſome time before. Sir *Harry* agreeing, a card was ſent to lord and lady *S*—, to acquaint them, if convenient, of their intention of dining with them next day. A complimen-

tary acceptation being returned, Sir *Harry* and lady *Pembroke* were dreſt, and ready to ſtep into the chariot; when her ladyſhip, as was preconcerted, complained of being ſo ſick, that ſhe could not poſſibly go, and inſiſted that Sir *Harry* ſhould go by himſelf, and make her apology. This was ſoon agreed to, and he was no ſooner gone, than lady *Pembroke* undreſt herſelf, and put on clothes more fit for her expedition. In the mean time, it entered into Sir *Harry*'s head, as he drove along, that he ſhould be thought as indifferent as he really was, if made the viſit when her ladyſhip was taken ſuddenly ill. He therefore thought he would ſtep into a coffee-houſe, and write a card of apology: and then go and dine with miſs *Web*, which he had not yet done ſince his marriage.

My

My reader may already gueſs that this was no other than the day in which miſs *Montague* was there.

With a trembling heart lady *Pembroke* ſet out in a hackney coach for the houſe of miſs *Web*, to which ſhe had got an exact direction from Mrs. *Betty*. On the coachman knocking, and the door being opened, he, as deſired by lady *Pembroke*, "aſked, if "miſs *Web* was at home?" An anſwer being returned in the affirmative, her ladyſhip ſtept out, and deſired the footman to let his miſtreſs know there was a lady wanted to ſee her. The footman, not having ſeen Sir *Harry* come in, thought he might conduct the lady up ſtairs to the dining-room, without the ceremony of firſt informing his miſtreſs.

The ſcene has been already deſcribed, previous to miſs *Montague*'s hurrying down ſtairs. My reader may

may remember, that lady *Pembroke* was left endeavouring to pull away miſs *Web* from beating Sir *Harry*. Miſs *Montague* was no ſooner gone, than Sir *Harry* recovered his preſence of mind ſo far, as to be able to put in practice his intention of carrying the enraged *Fanny* into another apartment, and locking her up. He then returning to lady *Pembroke* with all the fury of an uncontrouled ſpirit, which diſdains ſubmiſſion, tho' equally called to it by honour and humanity, upbraided her ladyſhip in terms the moſt cruel that can be imagined. He ironically laughed at her pretended ſickneſs, and enquired "if ſhe had found a cure?" He aſked, "if her jealous, prying, narrow diſ-"poſition had led her to grudge him "his pleaſures. If it did, he would "glory in them for the future."

The mildeſt temper, when juſtly provoked, will break out into a paſſion. Lady *Pembroke* upbraided him in her turn with more ſpirit than ſhe thought herſelf miſtreſs of. Upon which Sir *Harry* ſwore, "he never "liked her, and that now he heartily deſpiſed her." Her ladyſhip "thanked God, her affections, which "had been ſo unworthily placed, "could not now give her pain; for "that ſhe was certain ſhe now hated "and deſpiſed him as heartily as he "did her." So ſaying, ſhe hurried down ſtairs, and met Mrs. *Betty* in the paſſage, who, on the chariot returning, and the coachman deſiring her to acquaint her lady, that Sir *Harry* had delayed his viſit, immediately dreaded what would happen, and hurried away to miſs *Web*'s.

The lady and her maid haſtened into the hackney-coach, which was

in

in waiting, without exchanging a word, till the coachman drove away. Lady *Pembroke* then, whoſe ſpirits were up, ſpoke and behaved like a heroine. But no ſooner had ſhe got home, than all her ſpirit vaniſhed, and ſhe found herſelf ten times more unhappy than ever. She accuſed herſelf for not following Mrs. *Betty*'s advice, and the imprudence of her viſit appeared to her in the ſtrongeſt light. She could not underſtand, who the well-dreſt woman could be, that was beating Sir *Harry*, and how *Alicia* could be looking tamely on.

Her maid, who was extremely quick in aſſigning cauſes for every thing that happened, explained the meaning directly. "Why, madam," ſaid ſhe, "I ſuppoſe ſhe is a creature who "has been formerly kept by Sir *Har-*"*ry*, and who has been caſt off, to "give

" give place to miſs *Montague*. I have
" often heard ſay it is impoſſible to
" imagine the rage and impudence
" of theſe ſort of women; and I
" ſuppoſe miſs *Montague* has had
" ſome ſenſe of ſhame that prevented
" her from aſſiſting Sir *Harry* before
" your ladyſhip. And indeed I won-
" der how you pulled the creature
" away: I am ſure I would have al-
" lowed her to beat him heartily."
" Huſh! *Betty*; I will not allow a
" word to be ſaid againſt Sir *Harry*.
" You don't know, you cannot
" know, what I feel. Oh! that I
" ſhould live to be hated by Sir
" *Harry Pembroke!* Good God! what
" will become of me? my father
" will die when he knows it. It
" is impoſſible I can longer conceal
" my miſery. Oh! my heart! my
" head! I ſee him, *Betty*, I ſee him.
" Heaven ſupport my father!" Her
agony

agony increaſing, *Betty* thought ſhe had intirely loſt her ſenſes. The poor girl, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair, ran down ſtairs, and meeting the admiral, could not contain herſelf, but cried out, "Oh! "Sir, my lady, my poor lady is "very ill. What will be done! "Oh, that baſe miſs *Montague!* that "vile Sir *Harry!* Oh, that they had "never been born!" The old man was ready to fall down, and with difficulty tottered to a chair, where he ſunk almoſt inſenſible, and unable to aſk a queſtion.

The whole family were in a moment alarmed. The houſe-keeper, with the reſt of the female ſervants, hurried up to lady *Pembroke*'s apartment. She had by this time exhauſted herſelf by her cries, and was lying more compoſed. The admiral was no ſooner informed of this, than his eyes

eyes ruſhed brimful of tears. He deſired all of them to leave the chamber but Mrs. *Betty*, who he begged would compoſe herſelf, and tell him the cauſe of her exclamation againſt Sir *Harry* and miſs *Montague*. The girl then gave him an account as diſtinctly as ſhe was capable.

Boaſt not, O man, of thy wiſdom. Be humble, and learn not to judge of the ways of providence according to thy ſhort-ſighted views. Start not any of thy wiſe reflections againſt the unerring decrees of fate. Behold here admiral *Oſmond* curſing the innocent *Alicia*, and the day ſhe came to his houſe. "Is it thus," ſaid he, "that providence rewards "the generoſity of man, by mak-"ing the good he does contribute "to his miſery? What induce-"ment is there to practice any

"virtue

" virtue, if this is its reward?" Bluſh, O man, if ſuch are thy reflections. Think not, that any thing thou art able to perform is ſufficient to exempt thee from the troubles of life. Look back on thy innumerable follies, and ſee if all the good thou haſt done can turn the ballance. Be not ſevere in thy judgment of the folly or even vice of another; but let thy care be to rectify thine own heart. If thy generoſity, or the charity which thou beſtoweſt, ſhould not anſwer thy intention; if, in appearance, thou haſt ſuffered in this life by an act of goodneſs; cloſe not thy hand on that account for the future, but reſt contented, that thy good intentions are always known by a ſuperior Being, who cannot err, and who will, in his good time, repay thee manyfold.

My

My reader, I hope, will pardon this digreſſion, which the occaſion ſeemed ſo much to require.

When Mrs. *Betty* returned to her lady, ſhe found her full of the reſolution to aſk Sir *Harry* pardon for what ſhe had done. "It is impoſſi-"ble," ſaid ſhe, "that Sir *Harry* "can hate me. He has only ſaid "it in a paſſion; as I did that I "hated him. Alas! I cannot hate "him." Fatigued with contending paſſions, ſhe fell aſleep, in which ſtate I will leave her; as alſo the admiral murmuring at providence: and will now look after Sir *Harry*, whom I left in the houſe of miſs *Web*.

When lady *Pembroke* was gone, he walked up and down, curſing all woman-kind. "What a poor figure," ſaid he himſelf, "muſt I have made "this day? By heaven, I cannot "bear the thought. Then what "ſhall

" ſhall I do with that little ter-
" magant," whoſe voice from her confinement was echoing thro' the whole houſe, ſwearing, if ſhe was not let out, ſhe would break the windows, and alarm the people in the ſtreet. Finding there was a neceſſity to releaſe her from her confinement, he told her, if ſhe would compoſe herſelf, he would not only open the door, but would kneeling aſk her pardon; as alſo give her ſufficient reaſons for what he had done. The enraged miſtreſs would make no conditions, but inſiſted that he ſhould open the door, or that he might rue the conſequence. The baronet was obliged to comply without making any terms; nor could his ſtooping to the meaneſt condeſcenſion bring her to forgive him. She'd let him know, that his beggarly allowance of five hundred a year ſhould not

not make her be inſulted by his pitiful reſpect for tattered virtue.

The knight, finding it impoſſible to compoſe her, hoped, he ſaid, that ſhe would think more calmly after he was gone, which if ſhe did, he was ready ſtill to be her friend. He had ſent his footman for a wig, to ſupply the place of the one which was burnt. As ſoon it came, he left miſs *Web* to compoſe herſelf at leiſure. When he got out, his ſpirits all in a ferment, he knew not whether to go home, or where to go. He doubted not but lady *Pembroke* had by that time acquainted the admiral. However, that he was reſolved not to value; ſo at laſt agreed with himſelf to go home, and brave it out, as one that was above being aſhamed, or that had done nothing but what he could ſtand to.

While lady *Pembroke* was aſleep, and the admiral, as before mentioned, was making his wiſe reflections, Sir *Harry* came in. He went ſtraight to the dining-room, where the old man was leaning on a ſofa. He ſtarted up at the ſight of Sir *Harry*, and half frantic aſked what he had done, that could induce him baſely to rob him of his daughter, and bring his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave? The knight, walking up and down with an air of ſullen importance, aſked what he meant. Did he think to frighten him, as if he were a child, with his hoary locks? Did he ſuppoſe, when he married his daughter, that he was to be curbed in his pleaſures? No, that he would not by angel from heaven.

The many ſhocking expreſſions of Sir *Harry*, of which the above is a favourable ſample, ſtruck the admi-

ral with horror. He was about to leave the room, when lady *Pembroke*, having awaked and being informed of Sir *Harry*'s being in the houſe, came ruſhing into the room, and kneeling down begged him to forgive her.

The cruel baronet tore himſelf from her, and, taking his hat, ſwore he would never enter the houſe again. The cries of lady *Pembroke* might have been heard from afar. The admiral held her in his aged arms, while Mrs. *Betty* with all the ſervants in tears ran to their aſſiſtance. Good heavens! what a ſcene was here? Yet man, hard hearted, obdurate man, could ſtand it all. Lady *Pembroke* was ſupported to her own apartment; the admiral to his. Well may we join with *Anna*, when ſhe thought on lady *Randolph*'s diſtreſs:

O happineſs! where art thou to be found!
We ſee thou dwelleſt not with birth nor beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd;
Nor doſt thou it would ſeem with virtue dwell,
Elſe had this gentle lady miſſed thee not.

The faithful *Betty*, bathed in tears, ſaid all ſhe could to adminiſter comfort. Her ladyſhip became compoſed by degrees, more owing to fatigue than the words of her ſorrowing maid.

About three o'clock in the morning, a loud knocking at the ſtreet door made lady *Pembroke* ſtart from a momentary ſlumber. "Oh! *Betty*, "it is Sir *Harry*," ſaid ſhe. "Per-"haps his hard heart relents, and I "ſhall yet be happy. Aſſiſt me to "riſe, and let me fly to meet him." "Compoſe yourſelf, my deareſt lady," ſaid the maid, "allow me firſt to "go and ſee if it is my maſter." She had not reached the hall, when giving

giving a faint ſcream, lady *Pembroke*, who was all attention, heard her, as alſo a confuſed buſtling below. Her ladyſhip throwing on her bed-gown, ran down ſtairs, where meeting Sir *Harry*, carried by his ſervants, pale and bloody, ſhe gave a ſhriek, and fell down ſtairs in a ſwoon. The admiral, who had got to the ſtair-caſe, ſupported by his ſervant, (who had been ſitting by him) ſtood looking on; while his own body, tottering with age and affliction, was not the leaſt moving figure in this tragical ſcene.

There were two ſurgeons came along with Sir *Harry*, who, after ſeeing him put to bed, attended lady *Pembroke*, who was ſtill in the ſwoon, and had been carried to her own apartment quite inſenſible. Having opened a vein, ſhe began to breathe, and as ſoon as ſhe was capable to

give attention, they begged her ladyſhip to make herſelf eaſy, for that they had very great hopes the wound Sir *Harry* had received would not prove mortal. Her ladyſhip, throwing her eyes up to heaven in ſilent ejaculations, became eaſier; and the ſurgeons went down ſtairs, where they were all night to attend Sir *Harry*. Mrs. *Betty* failed not to repreſent to lady *Pembroke* the probability, that if it pleaſed God Sir *Harry* ſhould recover, this misfortune might be the means of making him change his courſe of life for the future. But now, as my reader will, no doubt, be impatient to know how Sir *Harry* came to be wounded, I will haſten to inform him.

When the baronet tore himſelf from lady *Pembroke*, and had gone out with an intention not to return, he

he was not more at eaſe than either her ladyſhip or the admiral. On the contrary, an obſtinate heart with conſcious guilt may be ſuppoſed to endure the greateſt torment, that can be felt by man. A falſe bravery of ſpirit, which in reality is cowardice, makes a man endure racks and tortures, rather than yield to one of ſuperior virtue. Such was the caſe of Sir *Harry*. Inflamed with raging paſſions, ſcarce knowing where he was going, he returned to the houſe of miſs *Web*, where ſeeing ſquire *Talbot* going in before him, he haſtily ſtept betwixt him and the ſtair-caſe; and, with the favourite monoſyllable of a rake, aſked him where he was going. The other with equal ſpirit returned the queſtion; upon which Sir *Harry*, like a modern fine gentleman, put his hand to his ſword, and deſired the ſquire to draw. The

challenge was immediately accepted, and before any one could prevent the miſchief, our two heroes were run through the body.

The houſe was inſtantly filled with a mob from the ſtreet. Surgeons were brought, who, on examining the wounds of the gentlemen, ſeemed at firſt uncertain whether they were mortal or not. Sir *Harry* was run through the left ſide; ſquire *Talbot* below the right arm. Miſs *Web*, who was well known in the neighbourhood for a woman of bad fame, was cruelly dragged out of the houſe by the mob, as being the occaſion of the miſchief. She was reſcued by a ſet of bucks in a frolic, or the poor creature would that night have met with an untimely end. As ſoon as the gentlemen had got their wounds dreſt, the ſurgeons ſaid there would be no danger in

their

their being carried to their reſpective homes.

Sir *Harry* was ſo faint with the loſs of blood, that he knew not what they were doing with him; nor was he ſenſible till next morning, when looking up, he ſaw lady *Pembroke* ſitting at his bed-ſide. Her ladyſhip, after having ſomewhat recovered her ſpirits, had put on her cloaths, and would not be kept from going to attend her huſband. The ſight of her ſtruck the baronet at once with a ſenſe of her goodneſs and his own unworthineſs. Her hand, which was laid gently on his forehead, he took, and preſſed it to his lips. The ſoothing and tender expreſſions of lady *Pembroke* made him heartily aſhamed; and as he thought on his paſt conduct, a confuſion of ideas took poſſeſſion of his brain. Death with his ghaſtly terrors appeared be-

fore him; and all the tormenting fiends of darkneſs ſeemed ready to receive him from the arms of the grim king.

A high and burning fever ſoon gave the phyſicians, who attended him, ſmall hopes of his recovery. Lady *Pembroke* was obliged to leave his chamber, and was again thrown into the deepeſt deſpair. The admiral now forgot his reſentment, and prayed fervently for his relief. Ten days he continued in this condition. On the eleventh the fever was ſomewhat abated. On the twelfth he was ſurprizingly compoſed, and deſired to ſee lady *Pembroke*, which the phyſicians were againſt; but on his inſiſting, they at laſt agreed to it. Her ladyſhip was accordingly ſupported to his chamber, and as ſtill very little hopes were given her of his recovery, ſhe approached the bed,

bed, as if to take a laſt adieu of her dying lord. A diſmal emblem of mortality! Leaning on his hand, he deſired, that all might leave the room except Mrs. *Betty*, who might ſtay to attend her lady.

As ſoon as they had retired, looking on lady *Pembroke*, who was a true picture of ſorrow; "Oh, my dear-"eſt *Sophy*," ſaid he, "can you "forgive me? can you forgive your "wretched huſband, who claims your "pity, tho' he has robbed you of "peace and happineſs? yes, I ſee "you do. How could I cruelly "wrong ſuch goodneſs! Alas, *So-*"*phy*, how miſtaken have I been in "my purſuit of pleaſure! Poſſeſſed "of a large fortune, bleſſed with health, "and an amiable and virtuous com-"panion in thee, how might I have "enjoyed all the rational pleaſures "of life! and conſcious of acting

" as became a chriſtian, might have
" rejoiced in the hopes of a happy
" eternity. In place of that, I have
" cut ſhort the thread of life, and
" at beſt muſt quit this world in
" a dreadful uncertainty. A ſlave
" to my paſſions, and to the faſhion-
" able vices of the age, I have
" hunted the deluſive ſhadow of
" happineſs, and have diſregarded
" the ſubſtance. Oh! my deareſt
" *Sophy*, pray for your unhappy huſ-
" band: plead with the worthy ad-
" miral to forgive and pray for me.
" And now, my deareſt, let me in-
" form you, while I am able, that
" your father, that fatal night he ſo
" juſtly poured our his wrath againſt
" me, accuſed the innocent, and
" equally wiſhed ſhame and remorſe
" to your friend miſs *Montague* and
" me. Your having ſeen that
" young lady in the houſe of the un-

" happy

" happy *Web*, I ſuppoſe, has deceiv-
" ed you into an opinion of her guilt.
" But believe the words of a dying
" man; ſhe is good and virtuous
" as my deareſt *Sophy*; and from
" an inſtance of true and exalted
" friendſhip to you, I am afraid,
" has plunged herſelf into real diſ-
" treſs. I now declare that I never ſaw
" her, from the day before ſhe left
" your father's houſe, till a few
" minutes before you came into
" miſs *Web*'s. How ſhe came to
" be there I am ignorant. This
" I believe; ſhe expected not to
" have ſeen either your ladyſhip or
" me; nor did ſhe know, I dare
" ſay, the character of the perſon ſhe
" viſited. In my pocket-book, when
" I am gone, you will find what will
" convince you fully of her uncom-
" mon friendſhip and generoſity."

Lady *Pembroke*, whoſe eyes ſeemed rivetted on her dying huſband, was incapable to open her lips. He continued for ſome minutes begging her ladyſhip to take comfort. "There "was a poſſibility, he ſaid, of their "meeting again to part no more. "The inſtances there were of a "death-bed repentance being ac-"cepted, and the unmerited mer-"cy he had met with in not being "plunged at once with all his ſins "unrepented of into eternity, made "him to hope." His ideas again beginning to wander, lady *Pembroke* was obliged to be carried to her own apartment.

In the afternoon he grew calm, and deſired that biſhop *R*— ſhould be ſent for, who came, and was with him above an hour, and left him greatly ſatisfied with the juſt ſenſe he had of the ſins of his paſt life.

The biſhop then viſited lady *Pembroke* and the admiral, to whom his pious exhortations were of great ſervice. Next day Sir *Harry* continued ſtill compoſed, and received viſits from ſeveral of his near relations. He begged that they would have no reſentment againſt Mr. *Talbot*, who, he was glad to hear, was recovering of his wound. He took the blame of what had happened entirely on himſelf; and likewiſe ſaid, that his fever had been occaſioned more by a diſturbed imagination on account of his folly, than by the wound he had got by the ſword. He deſired that a lawyer might be ſent for, and dictated moſt diſtinctly his laſt will. He augmented the ſettlement conſiderably on lady *Pembroke*, which was very ſplendid before; and ſettled all his affairs ſo judiciouſly, as to be a ſufficient proof how much he had miſapplied the

the good ſenſe nature beſtowed on him. He continued ſeveral days quite ſenſible; was very much agitated, by turns, with hope and deſpair; and, at the laſt, more calmly than could be expected, reſigned his breath to him who gave it.

How different is the ſorrow, which we feel on account of the death of a near and dear relation, from that which we experience from any other of the troubles of life! Other croſſes are apt, too often, to raiſe envy, pride, and many other contending paſſions. The death of a loved friend or relation, on the contrary, calms every paſſion; and grief alone reigns for a while triumphant. Then the ſenſible mind, which looketh after wiſdom, will not long want conſolation. It will naturally lead our thoughts, on ſuch an occaſion, to another world; make us ſee the inſignificancy

nificancy of this, where death, in a moment, can rob us of every earthly happineſs; and will conſequently confine the whole deſire of our heart to the fitting ourſelves for the awful change.

Thus it was with lady *Pembroke*, who, in a few days after the interment of her huſband, became perfectly compoſed and reſigned to the will of heaven. And here, let me inform my reader, in the words of lady *Randolph*, that lady *Pembroke*, in the firſt days of her diſtracting grief, "found herſelf as women wiſh "to be who love their lords." This, no doubt, took up part of her thoughts; yet did it not keep her from looking back on her paſt conduct, and reflecting on her ill grounded ſuſpicion of miſs *Montague*. Sir *Harry*'s pocket-book, ſhe wiſhed to examine, though ſhe doubted not of her

her innocence. A few weeks paſſed before ſhe had reſolution enough to ſatisfy herſelf by looking into the particulars. When ſhe did, ſhe not only found *Alicia*'s letter, but likewiſe a ſcroll of the one Sir *Harry* had wrote to that young lady. "O "*Betty*," ſaid her ladyſhip, "all "the afflictions I have met with, "ſeem to me to have been poured "upon me, as a juſt puniſhment for "my baſe ſuſpicion of the valuable "*Alicia*. Gracious heaven," continued ſhe, with eyes uplifted, "forgive me "for the injury I have done her in "thought, word, and deed."

Mrs. *Betty*, with tears, accuſed herſelf as the cauſe; but lady *Pembroke* acquitted her of all blame. "No, *Betty*," ſaid ſhe, "your ſuſ-"picions proceeded from the gene-"ral depravity of the world. But "how could I, who knew the prin-

"ciples

" ciples of my amiable friend, be ſo " baſe as to harbour a thought a- " gainſt her? Let it now be my " care to find her out, and from her " gentle nature expect forgiveneſs. " My *Alicia* muſt be above reſent- " ment: O, what muſt that dear " girl have ſuffered on my account!" Her ladyſhip informed the admiral directly of her intention, and acquainted him with every particular relating to the friendſhip of miſs *Montague*. She accuſed herſelf ſo ſeverely, that he had no room to make any reflections againſt her, had he been ſo diſpoſed; but turned them all upon himſelf; and with lady *Pembroke* agreed, that to find out *Alicia*, and to make her, in ſome meaſure, amends for her generous friendſhip, was no more than what gratitude, and even common juſtice, ſeemed to demand.

Lady

Lady *Pembroke* delayed not a poſt writing to miſs *Encrom*, begging that young lady, in words the moſt pathetic, to tell her where *Alicia* was to be found. 'Tis needleſs to give my readers the particulars. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe what would be the contents of a letter dictated by a perſon in lady *Pembroke*'s ſituation, on ſuch a ſubject. Miſs *Encrom* no ſooner received it, than ſhe wrote in return, and gave her ladyſhip a direction to Mrs. *Calcot*'s. She condoled with her on the heavy affliction ſhe had met with; and, without taking any notice of her ladyſhip's having accuſed herſelf of ingratitude to *Alicia*, expatiated on the many excellent qualities of that young lady, and doubted not but her company would have the good effect of ſupporting her ladyſhip's ſpirits under the ſevere trial with which ſhe had been viſited.

On

On lady *Pembroke*'s receiving this letter, ſhe next day ſet out privately, attended by her maid, in a chariot and pair, for the houſe of Mrs. *Calcot*. *Alicia* at this time had been above a month at *S*—. During that time ſhe had only received one letter from her friend miſs *Encrom*; *S*— being at a great diſtance from a poſt town, ſeveral of that young lady's letters had been miſcarried. Mrs. *Freeman* had wrote her two, both of which were filled with profeſſions of friendſhip; but, my reader may gueſs, not one word to ſtrengthen her hopes of lord *L*—. Deſpair was now become very troubleſome by the length and frequency of his viſits; hope, like a phyſician of conſequence, was off in a moment. She had been wandering in the common, lighted by the moon and her ſtarry train, and was juſt returned to her apartment,

ment, when Mrs. *Calcot*'s ſervant informed her, there were two ladies in a chariot inquiring for her. "For "me!" returned *Alicia*, "'tis im-"poſſible." At that moment lady *Pembroke* entered the chamber, and ſeeing *Alicia* by the faint glimmering of a ruſh-light, ſtarted back from her; then running forwards flung her arms around her, ſaying, "Oh, my ever "deareſt *Alicia*, can you forgive "me?" *Alicia*, whoſe ſurprize had deprived her of the power of ſpeech, having obſerved lady *Pembroke*'s melancholy weeds, and her figure, which was not leſs altered than her own, was not certain but all might be a dream. Recovering by degrees, a glow of tender friendſhip revived her fainting ſpirits, while ſhe held lady *Pembroke* to her breaſt. "Oh, "my *Sophy*," ſaid ſhe, "when will "that happy time come, when we "ſhall

" ſhall meet to part no more? when " ſhall we quit this world of never " ending care?"

As Mrs. *Calcot* was gone to bed, ſhe was not informed that night of the arrival of the ſtrangers. Her maid did her beſt to provide them a homely repaſt. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed how the two ladies ſpent the night, while Mrs. *Betty* with tears of ſympathy ſat ſilent by. *Alicia* made many objections as to leaving *S*—, and going to *London* with lady *Pembroke*. She ſaid, that, tho' her friendſhip was far from being leſſened, ſhe was ſo weakened in her health and ſpirits, that ſhe certainly was the moſt improper companion for her in the world. Her ladyſhip with tears begged her to comply. She accuſed herſelf ſeverely, and ſeemed to think, that *Alicia* had forgiven her as a chriſtian, but could not love her as

as a friend. "Oh, my *Alicia*," ſaid ſhe, "I cannot blame you; but for "pity's ſake, do not deny my re- "queſt. Try my temper, my deareſt "girl, once more. Think not of "ſtaying in this diſmal habitation, "which you have certainly ſought "out to indulge your reflections "on an ungrateful world. Oh, my "*Alicia*, come with me; and I will "endeavour to blot out the memory "of my own ſorrows, and live only "to comfort you and my aged "father."

Alicia, on account of the preſence of Mrs. *Betty*, could not enter into the particulars of her ſituation. Her ſilence on this ſubject made lady *Pembroke* the more jealous of her friendſhip. She conſidered not, that, tho' *Betty* was her confident, ſhe was not *Alicia*'s; and that tho' *Alicia* was naturally open, and above the inſignificant

nificant concealments too frequent with our ſex, yet ſhe might, as was the caſe, from a natural and amiable delicacy, have occaſion to conceal her thoughts for the preſent.

As miſs *Montague* ſuppoſed, from lord *L*——'s not having found her out, that he had not been very anxious to do ſo; and that, like other modern lovers, he had drank of the waters of *Lethe*, and had forgot her ere the change of the moon; on this account ſhe dreaded going back to *London*, leſt chance ſhould preſent her with a ſight of him, of whom ſhe had drawn ſo amiable a picture of conſtancy and affection in her heart, that the appearonce of the ſhadow, like a ghoſt, would frighten her to death. However, not being able to prevail on lady *Pembroke* to go without her, ſhe at laſt conſented. Perhaps a faint ray of hope inſpired her with courage.

In

In the morning ſhe waited on Mrs. *Calcot* in her chamber, and acquainted her of her being to go. The old lady, never feeling any concern at parting with any perſon or any thing but money, wiſhed her a good journey; and deſired her to make an apology to the ſtrange lady for her not deſiring to ſee her, as ſhe had been very much indiſpoſed all the preceding night. *Alicia* thanked her for her civility to her, and promiſed to let Mrs. *Freeman* know that ſhe had left *S*—.

After every thing was prepared for her journey, which was not very difficult to do, *Alicia* took her leave of Mrs. *Calcot* and her family at *S*—, and ſet out in the chariot with lady *Pembroke* and her maid. In the town of ——, Mrs. *Betty* took a ſeat in the fly for *London*, and the two ladies were left to themſelves. They were

no

no ſooner alone, than *Alicia* acquainted lady *Pembroke* with every thing that had happened to her ſince they parted. She likewiſe unfolded to her the inmoſt receſſes of her heart. "Oh, *Alicia*," ſaid her ladyſhip, when ſhe had finiſhed her tale, "Providence ſure has ſomething in "ſtore to reward your patience and "virtue. Alas! I have deſerved all "the ſorrows I have met with; and, "Oh! who can imagine the pain "of thoſe, whoſe paſſions drive "them on to what their heart diſ-"dains!" "Alas! *Sophy*," ſaid *Alicia*, "your heart has never be-"trayed a greater weakneſs than "mine has. I have confeſſed to "you what a changeable creature I "have been, my heart fluctuating "like the moſt giddy of my ſex. "But, alas! my dear, we cannot "expect to be perfect. The lordly

"sex, who boast of their superio-
"rity, are less so in trivial affairs
"than we are: and even in matters
"of the greatest importance, tho'
"they go on with that keeness and
"zeal as if it were impossible to al-
"ter their purpose, yet, my dear,
"these stately monarchs will be
"turned from the point they aim at,
"by the smallest gale of passion.
"Indeed, my dear *Sophy*, I cannot
"help being sick of this world and
"its imperfections. Would to God we
"were both landed on a safe shore."
Lady *Pembroke* joined in the wish.

They were one night by the way, and arrived safe next evening. Miss *Montague* no sooner entered the apartment where the admiral was sitting, than she ran to him, and kneeling down, "receive, dear Sir," said she, "your ever grateful *Alitia*." Raising her up, and taking her in his arms,

arms, "God almighty bleſs you," ſaid he, "and reward you for your "goodneſs to me and mine. I "know you will be a comfort to "my poor *Sophy* in the days of her "mourning, and will relieve the "heart of an old man ſunk with "ſorrow."

Next day lady *Pembroke* begged her father to ſettle five thouſand pounds on *Alicia*, that ſhe might never again be reduced to ſtraights and difficulties. "I am reſolved, dear "Sir," ſaid her ladyſhip, "that "my *Alicia* ſhall ſhare as a ſiſter of "my fortune; but how can I truſt "my own heart, after having experi-"enced its weakneſs? I would there-"fore wiſh this ſum were made her "own, that ſhe may no more think "herſelf dependent on a weak mor-"tal, who, perhaps, ſhe may fear, "might reduce her to her former

" difficulties." The admiral readily agreed; and the gift in form of law was made out, before miſs *Montague* was informed of their intention. She received it with all the gratitude a heart could feel; but was far from having that joy, that one would imagine a young creature would have had on being ſo ſuddenly made independent. There was a cloud ſtill hung over her, which powerful gold could not diſpel.

The day after *Alicia* arrived in town, ſhe wrote to Mrs. *Freeman*, and acquainted her with the reaſon of her having ſo ſuddenly left *S*—. She ſaid, " that both her own inclina-
" tion and the melancholy of lady
" *Pembroke* would prevent her from
" having a chance of meeting with
" lord *L*—; ſo that ſhe might make
" herſelf as eaſy as if ſhe had con-
" tinued at *S*—." Mrs. *Freeman*

wrote

wrote in return, and congratulated her on her being "reconciled to "lady *Pembroke*, as ſhe doubted not "but her being ſo, would produce "a general reconciliation with her "friends." She took no notice of what *Alicia* had wrote concerning lord *L*—, further than by ſaying, "to "avoid reflections, ſhe muſt deprive "herſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing her, "while his lordſhip remained ſingle: "yet aſſured her ſhe wiſhed her as "well, and was as much intereſted "in her happineſs, as ſhe could be "in that of any of her nieces." *Alicia* ſhewed this letter to lady *Pembroke*, who gave it as her opinion, "that lord *L*— had not diſcovered "any change of ſentiments, other-"wiſe Mrs. *Freeman* would not be ſo "much afraid of ſeeing her." Miſs *Montague* returned with a ſigh, "that "it might be ſo, but that ſhe doubt-

" ed it much; for that all his rela-
" tions were ſo fond of him, that
" ſhe was certain they would not
" ſee him very unhappy, without re-
" lieving him, if they had it in their
" power."

As the time paſſed away, theſe two ladies did all that they could to chear the admiral and ſooth one another. Thus was this family, which had ſo lately been a ſcene of perplexity and confuſion, become quite calm and ſerene. If the clouds, which hung over them ſeemed to exclude the bright rays of the ſun, they were ſo much fatigued with the ſtorms they had already weathered, that, tho' lady *Pembroke* had no hopes, and *Alicia* but little, of enjoying its chearful influence, they could not fail of being ſenſible of the bleſſings of a calm.

Alicia intended to write to her aunts; but not being much diſpoſed

to

to correſpond with any other than her friend miſs *Encrom*, to whom ſhe continued to write punctually, ſhe delayed it from day to day. As the time drew near of lady *Pembroke*'s lying-in, their thoughts were employed on a more intereſting ſubject. *Alicia*'s care and anxiety for her friend can only be imagined by thoſe, who know the power of friendſhip. The anxiety of the admiral for his only child could not be leſs. Lady *Pembroke*'s melancholy returned, and, in ſpite of herſelf, ſhe was often in tears. At laſt the hour came, and ſhe was ſafely delivered of a ſon and heir to Sir *Harry*'s fortune. Her ladyſhip recovered ſlowly, and often fell into fits of crying; yet thoſe, who knew the influence of maternal affection, ſeemed to think, that her grief would be of much ſhorter duration than it poſſibly could have

been without the heart-felt pleaſure of being a mother. The joy of the admiral, when lady *Pembroke* was thought out of danger, is not to be expreſſed. He was quite delighted with his grandſon, and could have fondled him in his arms for hours together. *Alicia* was relieved from her fears, which ſhe had found great difficulty to conceal from lady *Pembroke* and the admiral.

About a month after her ladyſhip's perfect recovery, her footman one morning came up, and informed her, that there was a gentleman below who deſired to ſee her, and who would not give his name. Lady *Pembroke* immediately went down ſtairs, and was ſurpriſed to ſee a ſtranger, whom ſhe could not recollect having ever ſeen before. She deſired him to ſit down. "I hope, madam," ſaid he, "you will pardon this abrupt viſit from

" from a ſtranger. My anxiety for an
" unhappy relation, who has juſtly
" forfeited your ladyſhip's eſteem,
" as ſhe muſt have done that of all
" the virtuous of her ſex, induced
" me to come to *London*. As I
" would fain hope there may be
" ſome circumſtances to extenuate
" her guilt to a relation, who will
" narrowly ſearch into them, and
" who will uſe all the means in his
" power to bring her to a ſenſe of
" her indiſcretion, I have uſed the
" freedom to wait on your ladyſhip,
" to enquire, if you can put me on
" any method how to find her out."
" Whom can you mean?" ſaid lady *Pembroke*, in ſurprize. " I mean,"
replied the gentleman, " miſs *Mon-*
" *tague*." " Good heaven!" returned her ladyſhip, " you have
" been miſinformed, Sir. There
" lives not on earth a more perfect

" creature than my *Alicia*." " Can " it be poſſible?" ſaid he: " you " know not, madam, what pleaſure " your words give me."

Alicia opening the door, then ſtepping back, " Come in, miſs *Monta-* " *gue*," ſaid lady *Pembroke*: " this " gentleman is a relation of your's." The ſtranger riſing up, " O ma- " dam," ſaid he, " pardon my emo- " tion: and taking *Alicia* in his arms, " Now do I hold the daughter " of my much loved and amiable " ſiſter! Oh, my deareſt niece, to " find you, and to find you good " and virtuous as your excellent mo- " ther, gives me more joy than I " can expreſs." *Alicia*, whoſe tears plentifully flowed, was for ſome minutes ſilent. Then kneeling down, and looking in his face, " I know, " deareſt Sir," ſaid ſhe, " you are " the only brother of my ever va-

" lued mother, by your words and " looks. I cannot be miſtaken. Give " me, Sir, give me the bleſſing of " that uncle, whom, ſince I knew " what it was to form a wiſh, I have " wiſhed to ſee, and was taught to " reſpect." " Riſe," ſaid he, " my " deareſt niece, you have my bleſſ- " ing. May I never know what it " is to hope! may gloomy care and " ſullen diſcontent for ever haunt " me, when I neglect the offſpring " of my *Alicia!* Yes, my deareſt " girl, I will be your parent, your " guardian, and protector."

Lady *Pembroke*, who could contain herſelf no longer, ran to *Alicia*, and taking her in her arms, " Joy," ſaid ſhe, " to my *Alicia!* May every " day increaſe the number of your " friends, and may they all like me " be ſenſible of your merit." Turning to colonel *Leſlie*, " you muſt,

" Sir, look on this houſe as your " home. How will my father re- " joice to ſee the uncle of his and " my *Alicia!* but," continued her ladyſhip, " by your firſt addreſs, I " am afraid a letter I wrote to lady " *M'Kenzie*, when I was under a " ſtrange miſtake, has occaſioned " her ladyſhip to ſuſpect miſs *Mon-* " *tague* of imprudence. O *Alicia*, I " ſhall never forgive myſelf for not " writing again to your aunt. Yet, " could I have ever thought that " what I wrote could make her think " ſo hardly of you! You muſt plead " for my pardon from your uncle. " I will tell him all, my dear, and " yet I don't know how I can, tho' " friendſhip ſo loudly demands it." " Your ladyſhip need not," ſaid the colonel, " acquaint me with any par- " ticulars that will give you pain. " It is ſufficient to me to under-

" ſtand,

" ſtand, that my niece deſerves your
" regard. I indeed thought lady
" *M'Kenzie*'s information againſt her
" niece was far from, being ſufficient
" to make her give up having any
" concern with her.

" When I received the accounts
" of my ſiſter's death, I found by
" the date of the letter, which was
" from Sir *Oliver M'Kenzie*, that
" ſhe had dyed two years and a
" half before it came to my hand.
" It was a heavy ſtroke. I at that
" time had reſigned my commiſſion
" in the *Eaſt-India* ſervice, and was
" ready to embark for my native
" country. I was ſo affected (grief
" for the loſs of my parents being
" renewed) that I thought it was
" impoſſible I could execute my in-
" tention. All my *Alicia*'s letters,
" which I had carefully kept as a
" treaſure, I read over. Her tender-

" neſs

" neſs and grief for me at parting
" came freſh to my memory. The
" circumſtances of her uncommon
" diſtreſs, which ſhe, with elegant
" ſimplicity, deſcribes in her letters
" on the death of her much loved
" huſband, when at a diſtance from
" her native country; her anxious
" and amiable concern for her chil-
" dren in the midſt of her grief; all
" had ſerved to ſtrengthen my affec-
" tion, and I thought it was impoſ-
" ſible I could return, when deprived
" of her I moſt wiſhed to ſee. But
" as I became more reconciled to
" this ſtroke of providence, I con-
" ſidered how deſtitute ſhe had left
" her daughter; and this ſoon made
" me renew my reſolution of going
" home.

" I accordingly embarked with
" the firſt opportunity, and landed
" about a month ago in *Scotland*.

" My

" My two ſurviving ſiſters I found
" in good health, and ſeemingly
" very happy. I enquired for my
" niece, *Alicia*, whom I expected
" to find under the protection of
" her relations. But how was I
" ſhocked beyond expreſſion, when
" I was informed, that ſhe was
" become a diſhonour to them,
" and was under the protection of
" ſome gay libertine, who in all
" probability would ſoon abandon
" her to the wide world, and her
" own reflections! Bred up, as I
" knew ſhe muſt have been, to a
" love of virtue, I could not con-
" tain my paſſion; but upbraided
" my two ſiſters as the cauſe of her
" ruin. I ſwore, that the daughter
" of my ſiſter *Alicia* muſt have been
" cruelly left, and baſely deceived,
" ere ſhe would have forfeited her
" honour. Lady *M'Kenzie* then

" brought

" brought me a letter your ladyſhip
" had wrote her. I read it, and,
" you'll pardon me, madam, I threw
" it from me, and aſked what proof
" that was againſt *Alicia?* It only
" imported, that ſhe had left a per-
" ſon, with whom ſhe had no natural
" connection, and who, perhaps on
" that account, would not bear the
" little fallies of a proud ſpirit, that
" was uneaſy under dependence.

" I enquired if they had got no
" letters from herſelf. Lady *M'Ken-*
" *zie*, in tears, brought me two.
" The one of the lateſt date, ſhe
" ſaid, had made her reſolve to take
" care of her; but that before ſhe
" had time to put her deſign in exe-
" cution, ſhe was informed, for cer-
" tain, ſhe was living with a young
" nobleman; upon which ſhe had
" given her up for loſt. I aſked
" what ſhe thought was *Alicia*'s de-

" ſign

" ſign in begging her to recommend
" her as a governeſs. She anſwered,
" that ſhe imagined, by your lady-
" ſhip's letter, that you had diſap-
" proved of her behaviour, tho'
" you was loath to enter into parti-
" culars, and on that account *Alicia*
" had left the houſe. She ſuppoſed
" her ſeducer had not prevailed with
" her to live with him, when ſhe
" had wrote the firſt letter; but,
" by the accounts ſhe afterwards
" got, ſhe concluded, he had been
" too ſucceſsful. In ſpite of my
" ſiſters tears, I could not help con-
" tinuing to upbraid them. They
" could give no name to this noble-
" man. So I reſolved to ſet out di-
" rectly for *London*, that I might
" know who he was from your lady-
" ſhip. I confeſs, tho' the proof
" was far from being clear againſt
" my niece, I had little doubt of

" her

" her ruin. But as I could not help " thinking ſhe had been driven to " it by the neglect and careleſſneſs " of thoſe, who ought to have had " her under their eye, and been " guardians to her youth and inex- " perience, I reſolved to find her " out, and to make her an offer to " take her to any place that ſhe " would chuſe, to conceal her ſhame, " and to ſettle a fortune on her " afterwards, according as I found " ſhe behaved."

Alicia was, during the time the colonel was ſpeaking, under great emotion. He had no ſooner concluded, than, kneeling down, ſhe begged he would forgive her aunts. He raiſed her, before he would allow her to proceed. She accuſed herſelf for not writing to them again. She acknowledged that a proud ſpirit had prevented her. She told him, ſhe had

had never been without a friend, to adviſe and encourage her to virtue; and that had ſhe ſwerved from the paths of innocence, there could have been no alleviating circumſtance to plead in her behalf. She then informed him of the generoſity of Lady *Pembroke*; to whom the colonel, with the honeſt overflowing of a heart unpractiſed in the flummery of compliment, expreſſed his ſenſe of her goodneſs. Her ladyſhip endeavoured to ſink the obligation, by ſaying, ſhe owed more to miſs *Montague*, than it was poſſible ſhe could ever repay. To prevent *Alicia*'s grateful return, which was ready at her lips, her ladyſhip left the uncle and niece to themſelves, and went and informed the admiral of their agreeable ſtranger, and what had paſſed between him and *Alicia*. The old man wiped his eyes two or three

three times at the relation; and when it was concluded, "come, *Sophy*," ſaid he, "let me not delay a mo-"ment going to welcome this honeſt "and worthy man to my houſe." 'Tis needleſs here to enter into particulars. He welcomed him as he would have done a long abſent friend; nor would part with him, he ſaid, if he could help it, for months to come. The colonel frankly accepted the invitation, and grew every day more fond of his niece.

He wrote to his ſiſters, and acquainted them, in what a different ſituation he had found *Alicia*, from what they had made him expect. He told them, that her prudent and amiable behaviour made her an honour to all her relations; and that he was reſolved to take care her merit ſhould not lye hid. He informed them, that, at *Alicia*'s earneſt requeſt, he

he had forgiven their neglect, as it had not been attended with the bad conſequence he was made to imagine. Lady *Pembroke* and *Alicia* wrote alſo. In return, lady *M'Kenzie* and Mrs. *Grant* wrote to their brother very penitential letters; acknowledging, in the ſtrongeſt terms, *Alicia*'s goodneſs in forgiving them; and expreſſed their hopes ſhe would, tho' they were aſhamed to aſk her, come down to *Scotland* along with him. But the colonel, who ſaw how much lady *Pembroke*'s and the admiral's happineſs depended on the company of *Alicia*, would not inſiſt on her going to *Scotland* ſo ſoon.

Col. *Leſlie* had left his country on the death of a young lady, whom he was to have been married to; and was reſolved to continue ſingle for life. He had made, while he was abroad, above fifty thouſand pounds; and

the

the eſtate, which his father had left, being under the management of truſtees, who had executed their truſt conſcientiouſly, was now one of the beſt in *Scotland*. He told *Alicia* he would make her heireſs to that fortune, to induce her, ſome time in her life, to go to a country, for which he could not help having a partiality; and that he would ſtill allow the rents to run up, which would ſoon make it worth above two thouſand a year. The colonel, who was of a chearful and agreeable diſpoſition, contributed not a little to diſſipate the gloom in this family. The admiral was quite delighted with his converſation. A firm and laſting union betwixt *England* and *Scotland* was toaſted in a bumper every day after dinner.

Lady *Pembroke*, in private converſation with *Alicia*, aſked if ſhe did

did not think, that lord *L*—'s friends might now be pleaſed with her for their relation. *Alicia* anſwered ſhe could not ſay whether they would or not; but that if lord *L*—— had changed his ſentiments with regard to her, which ſhe had little reaſon to doubt, ſhe wiſhed ſhe might never hear him mentioned, as ſhe owned ſhe could not without pain. "Sup-
"poſe," ſaid her ladyſhip, "we
"enquire about him." "Oh! my
"deareſt *Sophy*," ſaid ſhe, "for
"God's ſake do not frighten me.
"Let me not deſtroy the ſmall hope
"I have left by enquiry. If pro-
"vidence deſigns me for him, it
"will bring it about in good time:
"if not, I hope I ſhall behave as I
"ought, and be thankful for the
"many unmerited bleſſings I enjoy.
"Let me beſeech your ladyſhip not
"to enquire about him. If I do

"not

" not get your promiſe, I know, " after what you have ſaid, I ſhall " be continually alarmed." Lady *Pembroke* aſſured her ſhe would not, without her knowledge, nor againſt her inclination.

Although lady *Pembroke* and *Alicia* went to no public places of entertainment, they frequently went on little parties of amuſement with a few ſelect friends; nor were they entirely without paying and receiving thoſe ceremonious viſits, which people in high life think ſo abſolutely neceſſary. As *Alicia*'s beauty and merit had always gained her many admirers, it was ſcarce to be doubted, that, with the view ſhe now had of having a tolerable fortune, there would be ſome of them who would pay her their ſerious addreſſes. Colonel *N*— was the firſt, a gentleman much eſteemed for his bravery and other good qualities.

lities. He was very unwilling to give up hopes, even after ſhe had given him a poſitive denial. He got colonel *Leſlie* to eſpouſe his intereſt: but *Alicia* begged and intreated her uncle ſo earneſtly not to urge her to marry, that he began to ſuſpect ſhe had met with a diſappointment, and like himſelf could not fix her affections anew. Several others of ſuperior rank and fortune ſucceeded the colonel with as little ſucceſs. Lady *Pembroke* was likewiſe perſecuted for a while with humble ſervants; but her poſitive declaration never to enter into a ſecond marriage, ſoon put a ſtop to their ſolicitations.

As it is time now to look after lord *L*—, whom I left in great diſtreſs, I will here give a ſhort account of what happened to him,

after he had leiſure to reflect on the nature of his misfortune. The high opinion he had always had of his aunt, Mrs. *Freeman*, made him begin to think it was ſcarce poſſible ſhe could be ſo cruel as to deprive him of *Alicia*. Some ſtrong expreſſions he had uſed to her in the height of his paſſion, gave her occaſion to be ſo much offended, as to ſcorn to vindicate herſelf. This ſhe found was the only way to keep free of an explanation. As true love has, for the moſt part, a propenſity to jealouſy, his lordſhip began to think, that his expreſſing himſelf ſo warmly on the ſtair-caſe had made *Alicia*, whoſe heart might be pre-engaged, reſolve to fly from him, in order to deſtroy his hopes all at once. He could not reconcile this with her not leaving him a few lines, to let him know,

know, that that was her reaſon for going away ſo abruptly; but, upon further conſideration, he concluded, that he had ſaid ſo little, that ſhe could not, with any propriety, have wrote and rejected him, without his aſking the queſtion.

As ſoon as he left Mrs. *Freeman*'s, he went ſtrait to the houſe of Mrs. *Conyers*, and ſurpriſed the good gentlewoman not a little, by telling her that *Alicia* was gone, and that himſelf was thrown into the deepeſt deſpair. With tears of real anxiety and concern, ſhe declared ſhe knew nothing of her; and could not, ſhe ſaid, "but think ſhe had been forced "away, or ſhe never would have "gone without her knowledge." She promiſed his lordſhip, "that, if *Ali-* "*cia* either wrote or came to her, "ſhe would let him know, provided

" ſhe did not give her ſome reaſons " for concealing herſelf from him; " which ſhe had a better opinion " of his lordſhip than to think ſhe " would." His lordſhip ſcrupled not to avow his honourable regard for her, and begged Mrs. *Conyers* to tell him, " whether ſhe had any rea- " ſon to think miſs *Montague*'s af- " fections were engaged." She declared, " ſhe had not;" and ran out in her praiſe ſo much, that his lordſhip could have liſtened to her for ever. He told her of the few lines ſhe had left with Mrs. *Freeman*. Mrs. *Conyers* ſaid, " it was a myſte- " ry ſhe could not explain." His lordſhip ſaid, " his whole dependence " was on her." He took his leave, not without ſome hopes of hearing of her, by means of Mrs. *Conyers*. But Mrs. *Freeman* had taken care to pre-

prevent his learning any thing from that gentlewoman, by having got miſs *Montague* to promiſe not to let Mrs. *Conyers* know any thing of her, as ſhe doubted not but lord *L*— would firſt apply to that quarter.

It would be tedious to go through the different ſchemes his lordſhip contrived to find out *Alicia*, to no purpoſe. He imagined with himſelf, that could he be aſſured that her heart was pre-engaged, he ſhould be eaſier; but to be in ſuſpence, was not to be borne. His two ſiſters and their lords were given to underſtand by Mrs. *Freeman*, that ſhe had ſent *Alicia* out of the way, though it was only by ſignificant hints; for ſhe wanted that they ſhould be at liberty to declare their ignorance of the matter.

When lord *L*— found that all his

endeavours to find *Alicia* were in vain, he gave himſelf up to melancholy; and his friends were almoſt beginning to relent, when he propoſed going to *France* to lord *Granville*. As he did not propoſe, as at firſt, never to return to *England*, they all approved of his going, in hopes, that as it had often happened to other young gentlemen, time and variety would wear out what to them appeared an unreaſonable fancy. But, alas, an unfaſhionable affection, which I am ſorry to ſay could take root in the breaſt of a lord, was not ſo eaſily removed. He returned to *England* about a twelvemonth after, with his friend lord *Granville*, as much in love as ever; yet I muſt do him juſtice to ſay, not quite ſo melancholy. He refuſed not to accompany his relations and acquaint-

ance

ance to different places of public entertainment; and, except when alone with lord *Granville*, never ſpoke of miſs *Montague*. To his lordſhip, he ſcrupled not to own the ſituation of his heart; and continually regretted the impoſſibility of his ever meeting with a woman, that could make up to him the loſs of *Alicia*.

Yet, let not my fair readers altogether deſpiſe his lordſhip for his inſenſibility to their charms. Think not that love had rendered him ſo ſtupid as not to diſtinguiſh a woman of beauty and merit from a mere picture. As an inſtance of the contrary, one evening at the playhouſe, he obſerved lady *Charlotte R*— from an oppoſite box. The juſtly admired tragedy of *Hamlet*, prince of *Denmark*, was performing. Her

ladyſhip ſeemed ſo deeply intereſted in every ſcene, and all her features were ſo finely animated, that lord *L*— naturally diſtinguiſhed her from the many fluttering and inſipid beauties, which generally are ſeen in a crouded audience. The unuſual pleaſure, with which he ſpoke of her ladyſhip to his brother-in-law, lord *S*——, made that nobleman have great hopes, that lady *Charlotte* would wear out the impreſſion *Alicia* had made on his heart. His lordſhip acquainted lady *S*—, who was ſo zealous for promoting the intereſt of her brother, that ſhe reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of inviting her ladyſhip to her houſe. Lady *M*—, Mrs. *Freeman*, and indeed moſt of lord *L*—'s near relations, were full of introducing his lordſhip to lady *Charlotte*, with whom none

none of them had more than a ſlight acquaintance. However, the equality of their rank made it no great difficulty to bring it about.

This grand point was ſoon gained, and *Cupid*, who delights to ſport with poor mortals, reſolved, in a frolic, to join this political party. At a ball given by lord *S*— on the anniverſary of his marriage, lady *Charlotte* was invited, and introduced to lord *L*— as his partner for the evening. A real or fancied likeneſs betwixt lady *Charlotte* and the loſt *Alicia*, made his lordſhip look on her with a kind of melancholy tenderneſs, which was not far from bordering on love. The little deity, without hurting the delicacy of lord *L*—'s ſentiments, thus artfully fixed his attention on the looks and graces of his fair

partner: then, fluttering his wings, went hovering round the ball-room, ſmiling to ſee with what pleaſure the ſons and daughters of men could glory in their fancied wiſdom.

Before the ball was concluded, lady *S*—, who looked on herſelf as none of the leaſt wiſe of this wiſe circle, propoſed, that all the company ſhould attend *A*———*k*'s ſubſcription-ball that day ſe'nnight. It is not to be doubted but lord *L*— engaged lady *Charlotte* for his partner; and that his lordſhip, betwixt that and the time of meeting, would at leaſt be ſo polite as to wait on her ladyſhip at her father's. Every thing ſucceeded to their wiſh. The praiſes of lady *Charlotte* were ſounded in his lordſhip's ears every moment. Her birth and fortune, her beauty, and above all her extraordinary merit, were

dwelt

dwelt on with pleaſure by every tongue; and lady *S*—, whoſe zeal often overcame her patience, ventured ſo far as to tell her brother, that ſhe wiſhed above all things to ſee lady *Charlotte R*— counteſs of *L*—. His lordſhip returning no anſwer but a ſigh rather increaſed than diminiſhed her hopes. The evening came, the company met.

But here allow me to return to *Alicia*, whoſe uncle colonel *Leſlie*, ſince the time I laſt mentioned him, had been in *Scotland*, looking more narrowly into his affairs, than anxiety for his niece had allowed him to do before. At this time he was newly returned to *London*, and was one of the ſubſcribers to *Al*——*k*'s aſſembly. He inſiſted with lady *Pembroke*, and got the admiral to join him, that ſhe and *Alicia* ſhould

again grace the public with their preſence. With ſome difficulty her ladyſhip was at laſt prevailed on, and in conſequence *Alicia* could not refuſe. An awful kind of ſolemnity ſat on their features at the thoughts of again entering into public life; and while they looked on the gay ornaments, which lay on the toilet ready to adorn them, they ſeemed to want reſolution to perform the taſk. The ſecret dread *Alicia* had of ſeeing lord *L*—, who poſſibly might be there, required her to ſummon her utmoſt courage, which was ſcarce ſufficient to carry her through the neceſſary preparations.

Theſe being at laſt compleated, the two ladies, with her grace the dutcheſs of *A*—, and ſeveral other perſons of quality, proceeded to the ball-room. A large circle of their ac-

acquaintance being ready to receive them, prevented their being ſeen by the company in general on their firſt entrance. The ball was begun; and the fourth pair, which graced the floor, was lord *L*—, and lady *Charlotte R*—. *Alicia* could no longer ſupport her ſpirits; but, leaning her head on lady *Pembroke*'s ſhoulder, was ready to faint. The crowd, which immediately thronged around her, increaſed her uneaſineſs and confuſion. When the minuet was finiſhed, the next couple not proceeding to dance, occaſioned every one to enquire what was the matter? Lord *L*— amongſt the reſt, who was anſwered by Col. *G*—, that the amiable miſs *Montague*, who had not appeared in public for ſome time before, had fainted in the crowd. His lordſhip ſtarted at the name; and,

and, without ſaying a word, haſtened to where the company was thronging about *Alicia*.

Miſs *Montague*, by this time, was ſo far recovered, that ſhe had prevailed on the ducheſs of *A*—, and the other ladies of her grace's party, to conſent to her going home; lady *Pembroke* had ſeconded her propoſal, who herſelf had not yet ſufficient ſpirits to enjoy a crowd. Col. *Leſlie* was handing her ladyſhip out, and the duke of *S*— *Alicia*, when lord *L*— ſaw, that the amiable miſs *Montague* was no other than his long loſt *Alicia*. Struck with confuſion and ſurprize, he knew not, for ſome minutes, whether he was awake or in a dream. Recovering a little, he made up to lord *Granville*: "Oh! "*Granville*," ſaid he, "I have ſeen "her! I have ſeen miſs *Montague*.

"For

" For heaven's ſake adviſe me what " to do. I cannot ſtay a moment " here: ſhe is gone! ſhe has left " the ball-room! 'twas ſhe that " fainted. Let us not, my dear " friend, delay a minute. I muſt " have your aſſiſtance. You muſt " enquire where ſhe is to be found. " I will go home, and do you bring " me intelligence." " For God's " ſake, my dear *L*—," ſaid lord *Granville*, " have patience; it is im- " poſſible you can leave your part- " ner ſo abruptly. You may de- " pend on my bringing you intel- " ligence; but I beſeech you do " not leave the ball-room." " I " cannot ſtay," returned lord *L*— with impatience.

Lord *Granville*, ſeeing it was in vain to preſs him further, got him prevailed on, to go up to lady *Char-*

lotte

lotte R—, to whom he made a very confuſed and aukward apology for being obliged to leave her. His ſiſters, lady *M—* and lady *S—*, were terribly alarmed when they heard he was gone, and dreaded they knew not what. But on hearing that the lady's name was *Montague* who had fainted, and had left the ball-room, they were in ſome meaſure relieved; tho' they immediately concluded all their ſchemes were blown in the air.

Alicia was no ſooner got home, and alone with lady *Pembroke*, than, "Oh! my dear *Sophy*," ſaid ſhe, "cannot you gueſs the cauſe of my "ſudden illneſs? I know you can. "Indeed, my dear, I have ſeen lord "*L—*, and, for what I know, his "intended bride! Oh! lady *Pem-* "*broke*, why am I ſo fooliſh? but "my heart trembles; and all the un-

" uneaſineſs and pain I endured, " when I left Mrs. *Freeman*'s, is " returned. Oh, what ſhall I do? " How ſhall I conceal my folly from " my uncle?" Col. *Leſlie* coming in that moment, with a phyſician along with him, added to her diſtreſs. The doctor, ordering her ſome cordials for reviving the ſpirits, and aſſuring the colonel ſhe would ſoon be perfectly well, took his leave. *Alicia* continued ſo ill all night, that lady *Pembroke* would not leave her; but was afraid to ſay any thing to encourage her hopes, leſt it might be of bad conſequence. In the morning *Alicia* found herſelf very little better; but inſiſted with lady *Pembroke* to leave her, and try to get ſome reſt, as ſhe would herſelf do when alone. Her ladyſhip was going to obey, when Mrs. *Betty* came up ſtairs

ſtairs with a letter for miſs *Montague*. Lady *Pembroke* delivered it into the hands of *Alicia*, who no ſooner ſaw the arms on the ſeal, than pale and trembling, ſhe gave it back. "Oh, "lady *Pembroke*," ſaid ſhe, "I can-"not read it. It is from lord *L*—." Her ladyſhip then haſtily broke the ſeal, and glanced over the contents: then throwing her arms around miſs *Montague*, who ſat trembling, "Oh, "my *Alicia*," ſaid ſhe, "you are "happy: happy, my deareſt girl, "as you could wiſh; read there." But, alas, *Alicia*'s ſpirits were quite gone, and ſhe ſunk pale and motionleſs on her pillow. Her ladyſhip, trembling and confuſed, endeavoured to revive her, without alarming the family, and ſucceeded. As ſoon as ſhe opened her eyes, "Oh, lady "*Pembroke*," ſaid ſhe, with a faint ſmile,

ſmile, " am I not extremely weak? " But, pray, let me ſee the letter." Her ladyſhip gave it her; and while ſhe read it over to herſelf, tears of tenderneſs flowed plentifully from the ſoft eyes of *Alicia*; and of ſympathiſing joy from thoſe of lady *Pembroke*. The contents were as follows.

" Madam,

" HALF diſtracted I ſit down, " to beg you will not refuſe " to explain to me the myſtery of " your leaving Mrs. *Freeman*'s. Yet " why do I ſay a myſtery? Did " not your flying from me the mo- " ment I gave you to underſtand " the ſituation of my heart, ſhew " your averſion to me? and does " not your being obliged to leave " the ball-room this night confirm

" how

" how hateful I muſt be to your
" eyes? Then, what farther do I
" deſire to know? Oh, madam,
" my heart is yours, and yours only.
" Complete my miſery, by giving
" it under your hand, that you wiſh
" never to ſee me; and I will that
" moment quit my native country,
" and never more give you a mo-
" ment's pain. Good God! what
" have I ſuffered ſince that morning
" you left my aunt's! Ah, how
" cruel is fate! I ſcarce know what
" I write. Pardon me, deareſt
" creature, for troubling you with
" my complaints: whatever they are,
" and wherever I go, I will never
" ceaſe to pray for your happineſs.
" Agitated by a thouſand diſtracting
" fears, I wait for a few lines from
" your hand. Yet, what can I fear,
" who have no hope? and without

" hope

" hope, what muſt be the condition " of him, whoſe heart can never " change, but who muſt, and ever " will be,

" Your conſtant admirer,

" *L*—."

As ſoon as *Alicia* had done reading, " Oh! lady *Pembroke*," ſaid ſhe, " what ſhall I do? It is im- " poſſible that I can ſee lord *L*— till " I acquaint Mrs. *Freeman*; not," continued ſhe with a ſmile, " that I " will be determined by her advice, " if againſt my own inclination: but " I cannot be tolerably eaſy till ſhe " knows of his lordſhip's having " wrote to me." Lady *Pembroke* ſaid, ſince that was the caſe, ſhe would adviſe her to write to lord *L*—

L——, give him ſome hopes, and deſire to ſee him to-morrow; and, in the mean time, write to Mrs. *Freeman*, and let her know her reſolution. *Alicia* approved of this; and immediately wrote a card to lord *L*—, and appointed to ſee him next day, when ſhe would acquaint him, ſhe ſaid, with her reaſons for leaving his aunt's: and, in the mean time, aſſured him, it was not any averſion to him, that had made her either leave Mrs. *Freeman*'s, or quit the ball-room.

Lord *L*— no ſooner received this card, than he was tranſported with hope; but ſoon his imagination ſuggeſted to him new cauſe of alarm. "What," ſaid he, "can be her rea-
"ſon for delaying to ſee me till to-
"morrow? Perhaps ſhe takes this
"time to fly from me as ſhe did
"be-

" before." This thought no ſooner entered his head than a thouſand followed to confirm it. Lord *Granville* ſaid all he could to perſuade him to be eaſy. If miſs *Montague*, he ſaid, could be capable of deceiving him in ſuch a way, ſhe was not what lord *L*— had repreſented her, and the loſs of her was not to be regretted: but that he thought he could take upon him to anſwer for the contrary. Lord *L*— liſtened to him with eagerneſs, and conceived freſh hopes. At the ſame time he would not be perſuaded againſt ordering two of his ſervants to ſtand as centinels, within ſight of the houſe of lady *Pembroke*, and to take notice if miſs *Montague* came out; and if ſhe did, one of them was to follow her at a diſtance, the other to bring him immediate intelligence. Both the ſer-

vants knew *Alicia* perfectly, being the ſame that were with his lordſhip, when ſhe lived with his aunt, and had been employed before in ſearch of her.

After *Alicia* had diſpatched the card for lord *L*—, ſhe directly wrote to Mrs. *Freeman*, and acquainted her with what had happened. She told her, ſhe thought ſhe had fully performed her promiſe, in not informing lord *L*— where ſhe was. She hinted gently her having a proſpect of a tolerable fortune, and hoped Mrs. *Freeman* would forgive her in having appointed his lordſhip to viſit her next day. Mrs. *Freeman*, in return, wrote, that ſhe had learned from lady *S*—, before ſhe had received her letter, what had happened; and that ſhe ſaw plainly, lord *L*— and ſhe were ordained for one another. She expreſſed her hopes, that both

her nephew and miſs *Montague* would forgive the part ſhe had acted, tho' ſhe owned ſhe could ſcarce forgive herſelf; but deſired them to conſider, that thro' her, they had been more aſſured of one another's love and conſtancy, than they could have been, had ſhe not ſeparated them. She commended *Alicia* for her ſtrict obſervance of her promiſe; and ſaid, that her behaviour, in every reſpect, merited whatever good might happen to her. She obſerved that a conſtant regard to truth ſeldom or never went unrewarded; and concluded with aſſuring her of her love and friendſhip; and added, that ſhe could almoſt venture to promiſe her the love and eſteem of every one of lord *L*—'s relations. It is eaſy to imagine (ſo I ſhall not enlarge on) the pleaſure which this letter gave *Alicia*.

The tedious hours lingered away; and the appointed time at laſt arrived, when the impatient lord *L*— was to wait on miſs *Montague*; but whether that lady was to pronounce his happineſs or his miſery, he ſtill was in doubt. And here, gentle reader, I have perhaps raiſed your expectation of ſeeing a ſcene deſcribed, to which I muſt confeſs myſelf unequal. Thoſe only who know what it is to love and deſpair, can form an idea of the refined pleaſure of ſuch a meeting. In my opinion, it is above a far abler pen than mine to deſcribe it; ſo it would certainly be the height of preſumption in me to attempt it. I will therefore only inform my reader, that when lord *L*— returned to lord *Granville*, he ſeemed to tread in air. Taking him in his arms, "Oh! *Granville*," ſaid he,

he, " your friend is now the happieſt " of men. The charming *Alicia* " conſents to be mine, and, what is " more, owns that ſhe loves me. " Oh! *Granville*, I am bleſſed! " bleſſed beyond my moſt ſanguine " expectations! Who could have " believed that my aunt *Freeman*—She " has been the cauſe of my miſery; " and my angel has ſuffered too. " But, heaven be praiſed, all is over. " Oh! *Granville*, ſhe is all perfec- " tion. Honour, truth, ſweet ſen- " ſibility, unaffected modeſty, the " wiſdom of age, the mildneſs of " youth"—" Hold, hold," ſaid lord *Granville*; " enough in all conſci- " ence. I congratulate you ſincerely " on your good fortune, if ſhe poſ- " ſeſſes one half of theſe virtues. " But ſit down, my dear *L*—— " and tell me diſtinctly where this

" angel of yours has been all this " time; and how ſhe came to be " ſhining in a brilliant aſſembly, " after her charms had been ſo long " eclipſed by the black clouds of " adverſity." As my readers are already better acquainted with the particulars, than lord *L*— yet was, it is needleſs to give them his account of the matter.

Next day his lordſhip waited on colonel *Leſlie*, who, by that time, had received a hint from lady *Pembroke*, of the reaſon of *Alicia*'s former diſlike to matrimony. The colonel expreſſed his ſenſe of the honour of his alliance; and acquainted his lordſhip of the fortune he intended to give his niece. That lord *L*— received any addition to his happineſs from this information I do not ſuppoſe. My reader may per-

" haps

haps think otherwiſe. I ſhall not pretend to diſpute with him, whoſe knowledge of the heart of man may be ſuperior to mine: ſo will haſten on to the concluſion of the hiſtory.

As ſoon as lord *L*— found leiſure to wait on his ſiſters, their lords, and Mrs. *Freeman*, whom he now forgave, they all, with one conſent, reſolved to make a viſit to miſs *Montague*. *Alicia* received them as the near and dear relations of him ſhe loved and honoured above all the world. Tears of inexpreſſible pleaſure gliſtened in her fine eyes, while Mrs. *Freeman* held her to her breaſt, and bleſſed her. Lord and lady *M*—, lord and lady *S*—, affectionately embraced her, and wiſhed all happineſs to their dear and valuable ſiſter. Lady *Pembroke* and

the admiral gave the company a ſincere welcome to their houſe, and expreſſed their joy at ſeeing the juſt regard all of them had for miſs *Montague*. The admiral declared, " he would not allow colonel " *Leſlie* to ſtand her father; but would " himſelf inſiſt on giving her away " to lord *L*—." The colonel, who was preſent, agreed, ſaying, " he " thought he had the beſt claim " to that honour." Lord *L*— and lord *Granville*, by their preſence, not a little increaſed the happineſs of the company. The amiable *Alicia*, ſweet as the bluſhing roſe, ſpoke little; and behaved with that becoming modeſty and eaſe, for which, on every occaſion, ſhe is ſo juſtly admired. Lord *Granville* whiſpered lord *L*—, that if miſs *Montague*'s mind was what her outward appearance

pearance beſpoke, he had ſaid no more of her than what was due to her merit.

Before the company parted, *Alicia* enquired of Mrs. *Freeman* aſide, "if ſhe had ſeen Mrs. *Conyers* lately?" Mrs. *Freeman* anſwered, "ſhe had not, but would call on her ſoon." Miſs *Montague* ſaid, "ſhe intended to ſurpriſe her; ſo begged Mrs. *Freeman* to delay going, till ſhe had been there."

Accordingly *Alicia* went next morning in lady *Pembroke*'s chariot. The coachman no ſooner ſtopt at the ſhop-door, than *Alicia* haſtily ſtept out, and not being able to cover her emotion, ran to Mrs. *Conyers*, who ſtood behind the compter, and took her in her arms. "Good heaven!" ſaid Mrs. *Conyers*, "miſs *Montague!*" "The very ſame," returned *Alicia*, "who

" comes to aſk you forgiveneſs for " ſo long concealing herſelf." Mrs. *Conyers* could not ſpeak, but, trembling with joy, led miſs *Montague* up ſtairs, and was going to conduct her into her own chamber; but *Alicia* would not ſtop till ſhe got up to her old apartment, which ſhe found in the ſame order, in which ſhe had left it. She affectionately embraced the good woman a ſecond time; then ſat down, and gave her an account of all that had happened to her from the time ſhe ſaw her laſt. Mrs. *Conyers* bleſſed herſelf a thouſand times, and held up her hands in amaze. " O! madam," ſaid ſhe, when miſs *Montague* had concluded, " I was certain you was " born to adorn an elevated ſtation. " God Almighty bleſs and preſerve " you to be an example to thoſe

" in

" in high life, and a bleſſing to " your inferiors." *Alicia* looking round the apartment, " Here," ſaid ſhe, " Mrs. *Conyers*, I learned to " know my own weakneſs. God " forbid, that proſperity ſhould " make me forget my dependence " on my Creator, who can hum- " ble and exalt when and whom " he pleaſes."

The maid opening the door, informed Mrs. *Conyers*, that lord *L*— was below. " Deſire his lordſhip," ſaid ſhe, " to walk up." You need not doubt, courteous reader, but he was agreeably ſurpriſed, when he entered and ſaw his *Alicia*. He had been calling at lady *Pembroke*'s, and being informed that miſs *Montague* was gone out, thought he would go and pay Mrs. *Conyers* a viſit, and acquaint her with his good fortune,

who, he doubted not, would ſincerely rejoice. *Alicia* endeavoured not, by affected baſhfulneſs or indifference, to conceal the pleaſure lord *L*—'s preſence gave her; and expreſſed her ſatisfaction, with amiable grace, for his regard to her worthy Mrs. *Conyers*.

After ſitting a conſiderable time, and promiſing a laſting continuance of their friendſhip for the old gentlewoman, in which they both were ſincere, lord *L*—— handed his intended bride to her chariot; ſent his own home; then ſeated himſelf with *Alicia*, and went with her to lady *Pembroke*'s. The admiral and colonel *Leſlie* teized her not a little for going out alone, and returning with lord *L*—. Every thing was now preparing for the marriage; new equipage, jewels, fine cloaths,

and

and ſettlements, more than agreeable to both parties. There was no occaſion now for delay; only miſs *Montague* begged ſhe might be allowed to wait a return to a letter ſhe had wrote to miſs *Encrom*, deſiring her company. She had likewiſe wrote to lord and lady *Encrom*, begging the favour they would allow miſs *Encrom* to ſpend a few months with her on this occaſion. I ſhall here preſent my reader with miſs *Encrom*'s return.

The Honourable Miſs ENCROM *to Miſs* MONTAGUE.

I AM ſo overjoyed, my dear, dear *Alicia*; ſo happy, that I am charmed with all the world; even with la-

dy *Encrom*, who will not allow me to be preſent at your beſtowing yourſelf on the man of your heart. I incloſe her ladyſhip's polite refuſal. But think not, deareſt creature, that all my joy is on your account. I could not, if I would, be ſo much of a hypocrite as to ſay ſo: yet, believe me, my dear, I wanted your letter to make my happineſs complete, which could not have been altogether ſo, while I knew my friend ſighed in ſecret. Know then, my dear *Alicia* (before you open lady *Encrom*'s letter) that I, as well as you are, am on the wing to take poſſeſſion of a gilded cage of my own chuſing, where I expect to ſing ſweetly, and forget all my cares. Forget all her cares! a likely ſtory, ſay the grave matrons, ſhaking their ſage heads. But wiſdom, *Alicia*, cannot

not be bought too dear. Its value is above rubies; and ſince nothing can purchaſe it but experience, they would be niggardly, who would not, if they could, beſtow the price.

But, my dear, to let you know how I come to have it in my power, you muſt have patience, till I give you a ſort of methodical hiſtory, which, I know, if you are in one of your grave fits, I ſhall get a rebuke for giving with ſo much levity. However, I truſt, you will not be diſpoſed at preſent to be out of humour, while lady Fortune is beſtowing her favours upon you with ſo liberal a hand.

To begin; you know, I ſuppoſe, that the earl of *Dey* was once next heir to Sir *Peter C*—, who, like my honeſt father, thought proper to marry

marry a young girl, (when he was above fifty) who brought him no leſs than three ſons. The earl, who had thought himſelf next to certain of his ſon's enjoying this fortune, could not cover his chagrin on being diſappointed, but behaved in ſuch a way to Sir *Peter*, that the intimacy, which had been betwixt them from their infancy, was ſoon entirely broke off. Sir *Peter* lived only about five years after his marriage, which chagrined the earl the more, as he ſaw that he himſelf might then have got poſſeſſion of the knight's fortune, which, it ſeems, was infinitely better than his own.

Now you muſt know, the young widow, not being able to ſupport her heavy affliction in her own country, which was now become quite irkſome, ſet out directly for *Paris*, with

her three ſons and a numerous retinue. Her ladyſhip had not been above ſix months in this polite metropolis, when ſhe captivated the heart of a *French* marquis, whoſe ſoft and engaging addreſs prevailed on her ladyſhip to forget her ſorrows, and marry him before her year of mourning was expired. And now comes the tragical part, which undoubtedly calls for a tear of ſympathy from a tender heart: but then, the deuce is with me, a doleful ſtory of thoſe I am not perſonally acquainted with, affects me no more than a fictitious tale, ſqueezed out of the brain of a dull author, who labours equally in vain to refine our ſentiments, and enrich himſelf.

But to make ſhort; Sir *Peter*'s three ſons, the eldeſt of whom was about fourteen, went out a pleaſuring

ing with their governor on the water ſome weeks ago. But governor nor children ere again were ſeen. The barge, my dear *Alicia*, was overſet. An intimate acquaintance of lord *Dey*'s ſent off an expreſs to him with the news directly. You know his lordſhip's humane diſpoſition. He never ſaw the marchioneſs, nor the young gentlemen; yet his ſympathiſing heart was much affected, and heaven only knows when he ſhould have done moralizing, had not I impertinently intruded into his thoughts. He then waited on the earl, his father; and, without letting him know of the news he had received, began a converſation on my ladyſhip. The earl was beginning to fret, when, "my "lord," ſaid he, "need not make him-"ſelf in the leaſt uneaſy; for that he "had a greater regard for miſs *Encrom*,

"than

" than to marry her in his preſent ſitu-
" ation." He only begged to be ex-cuſed from paying his addreſſes to any other, which it ſeems the earl had frequently propoſed. " Had Sir " *Peter C*—, ſaid my lord"—" Ay, " boy," returned the earl, interrupt-ing him, " had that old dog dyed " without children, I ſhould have had " no objection to Miſs *Encrom*, tho' " her father—."

My lord pretends he did not allow him to proceed; but taking out the letter, which he had received from his friend, ſaid, if the accounts he had got were true, he ſhould ſoon be in poſſeſſion of Sir *Peter*'s fortune. The old gentleman, I dare anſwer for him, was half frantic with joy; but my lord would not give me the particu-lars; this only, that the earl, as ſoon as a confirmation of the news ſhould come,

come, would immediately give his conſent, that lord *Robert Dey* ſhould take *Caroline Encrom* to be his lawful wedded wife, with or without a fortune, whenever he, the ſaid lord *Robert Dey*, and *Caroline Encrom*, ſhould agree. Expreſſes on expreſſes, my dear *Alicia*, arrived next day with a confirmation of the news. Lord *Dey* ſoon waited on my father, and, without any difficulty, obtained his conſent to take his daughter for better and for worſe. And wonder, Oh *Alicia!* when I tell you, lady *Encrom* has agreed, that my father ſhould give me a fortune of ten thouſand pounds. The earl of *Dey* and lord *Encrom* are quite reconciled; and lord *Dey*, who almoſt dwells here, and lady *Encrom*, are as gracious as can be. Her ladyſhip and I, when together alone, are ſo buſy con-

conſulting about neceſſary preparations, that it would do your heart good to ſee us; our faces big with importance, as if promoting the welfare of the nation. And why do I ſay as if? It certainly requires neither a nice nor critical diſcernment to ſee plainly that we are. When I received my *Alicia*'s letter, I had juſt ſat down to beg the favour of her company at ——; and, would you believe it, was quite tranſported, when I found it would not be in her power to come? You may eaſily ſuppoſe I would be very well pleaſed to go to *London*, that you and I might keep one another in countenance by having the approaching ceremony performed at one and the ſame time. But as I am, and ought to be all obedience to lord and lady *Encrom*, I could not make the propoſal, as I

ſaw

ſaw they would not be willing to grant it.

I know very well, lady *Pembroke*, your Mrs. *Freeman*, lady *M*—, and lady *S*—, would be againſt your coming here, to have the ceremony performed, when you tell me of ſo many ſplendid preparations. So, my dear *Alicia*, all that I ſhall aſk is this; and I inſiſt on not being refuſed, that as ſoon you poſſibly can, after your marriage, lord *L*— and you will come down to ——, and ſpend a few week with me, lord *Dey* and I will go to town with you, where we propoſe having a houſe as near lord *L*—'s as poſſible—Lady *Pembroke* too—we muſt all be in the ſame ſquare.

Oh *Alicia*, to be ſerious, I don't know any one that has more reaſon to be thankful than you and I have at

at this preſent time. Your trials, I confeſs, have been greatly above mine. Yet, ſure I am, my heart has been ſo pained on your account, and on my own, that I have often thought, my *Alicia* could not be more unhappy than her friend. That we ſhould both arrive at the height of our ambition at once requires our utmoſt gratitude to heaven, as well as admiration of the wonderful turns a little time can produce.

In hopes, my dear *Alicia*, of ſeeing you ſoon, I have not ſaid the one half of what I would have done without that expectation. Preſent my beſt wiſhes to lord *L*—, and let him know I am all impatience to ſee him. Offer my love to lady *Pembroke* and the admiral. Tell colonel *Leſlie* I muſt be numbered amongſt his friends. I am happy to hear Sir *Harry Pembroke*

broke is ſo promiſing a boy. Oh, my dear *Alicia*, how I long to ſee you! I have a thouſand things to ſay; but ſoon as I begin to be ſerious, it is time to conclude, by repeating how much I am, and ever will be,

Your ſincere,

And affectionate friend,

C. ENCROM.

When miſs *Montague* received the above letter, it added no leſs to her happineſs than hers had done to miſs *Encrom*'s. She had no longer any reaſon to give to lord *L*— for delaying his happy day. And now, my young readers, would I, with all the pleaſure imaginable, have given you a par-

a particular deſcription of the elegant appearance of the bride on her wedding-day; of the handſome and accompliſhed bride-groom, whoſe love and conſtancy I hope you admire. You ſhould likewiſe have been introduced to the bride-maids, and to all the company; ſhould have accompanied them to their coaches and chariots, and have proceeded to church, and ſeen the awful ceremony performed. In ſhort, you ſhould have rejoiced with them thro' ten or a dozen pages more. But, as I I have already exceeded the time in which I promiſed to preſent the public with the hiſtory of *Alicia*, I hope you will be ſo good as to make up this defect, according to your own fancy, and ſuppoſe every thing as you yourſelves could wiſh or deſire.

Lord

Lord and lady *L*— made out their viſit to —— ſoon after their marriage, and were received with great joy by lord and lady *Dey*. You need not doubt but they were viſited and careſſed by all the people of diſtinction in ——: and all the ſcandalous reports, that had been raiſed againſt *Alicia*, were remembered only as a dream. Squire *Humphrey*, and his ſon, *Hopeful*, rejoiced to ſee them. The 'ſquire ſays, he is above ſhewing any reſentment againſt his niece for refuſing his boy. He owns ſhe has choſen a huſband more bruſhed up, as one may ſay; and then, mayhap, her heart was ſet on a lord. Young *Hopeful* ſays, he ſcorns, as much as veather, to have any reſentment againſt his couſin, and if he ſhould not have heirs of his own,

he

he promiſes her children ſhall heir his fortune. I do not ſuppoſe lord and lady *L*— will add any thing to their equipage on this expectation. However, it would be ungenerous in me not to mention the forgiving temper and kind intention of the young 'ſquire.

Lord *L*— has ſettled a hundred and fifty pounds a year on the good Mrs. *Conyers*; and has ordered a houſe to be fitted up for her in the neighbourhod of *L.* where it is to be hoped, ſhe will end the remainder of her days in peace and tranquillity. Colonel *Leſlie* and lady *Pembroke* have both made her pretty conſiderable preſents, as has alſo lady *Dey*. It is reported, that young *M'Kenzie* was preparing to ſet off for *London*, to pay his addreſſes to his couſin, when a letter

from colonel *Leſlie* to Sir *Oliver* prevented him. It is likewiſe reported, that lord *Granville* is paying his addreſſes to lady *Pembroke*, and is likely to ſucceed; but this I ſcarcely give credit to. The admiral is well, and in good ſpirits; and as happy as one of his years can be.

Lady *Charlotte R*—, whom we left ſo abruptly at the ball, and who, my reader perhaps may ſuppoſe, was diſappointed in not getting lord *L*— as a partner for life, was, long before his lordſhip was introduced to her, engaged to the marquis of ——, eldeſt ſon to the duke of ——, who, at that time, was, and I believe, is, ſtill not returned from his travels. Lord and lady *L*—, lord and lady *Dey*, Mrs. *Freeman*, colonel *Leſlie*, and I don't know

know but a much larger party, intend to go down to *Scotland* again in the ſpring. Colonel *Leſlie* has got lord and lady *L*—'s promiſe to ſpend one half of every other year in *Scotland*; where I hope they will find every thing ſo agreeable as to make them leave it with regret.

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